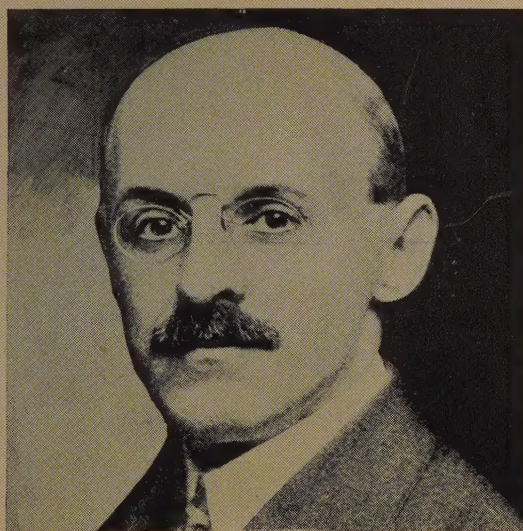


B'NAI B'RITH MAGAZINE



Abraham Flexner

"I doubt if there has ever been anywhere a Nordic race..."
(See Page 9)

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P I V E R

ANNOUNCES

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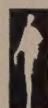
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THE B'NAI B'RITH MAGAZINE

The National Jewish Monthly

VOLUME XLIII

October, 1928

NUMBER 1

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Jewish Calendar

5689

1928

Rosh Hashonah.....	Sat., Sept. 15
	Sun., Sept. 16
Fast of Gedalia.....	Mon., Sept. 17
Yom Kippur.....	Mon., Sept. 24
Succoth.....	Sat., Sept. 29
	Sun., Sept. 30
Hashana Rabba.....	Fri., Oct. 5
Shemini Azereth.....	Sat., Oct. 6
Simchas Torah.....	Sun., Oct. 7
*Rosh Chodesh Chesvan.....	Mon., Oct. 15
*Rosh Chodesh Kislev.....	Wed., Nov. 14
First Day of Chanukah.....	Sat., Dec. 8
*Rosh Chodesh Tebeth.....	Fri., Dec. 14
Fast of Tebeth.....	Sun., Dec. 23

1929

*Rosh Chodesh Shevat.....	Sat., Jan. 12
*Rosh Chodesh Adar (1).....	Mon., Feb. 11
*Rosh Chodesh Adar (2).....	Wed., Mar. 13
Fast of Esther.....	Mon., Mar. 25
Purim.....	Tues., Mar. 26
Rosh Chodesh Nissan.....	Thurs., Apr. 11
First Day of Pessach.....	Thurs., Apr. 25
Eighth Day of Pessach.....	Thurs., May 2
*Rosh Chodesh Iyar.....	Sat., May 11
Lag B'Omer.....	Tues., May 28
Rosh Chodesh Sivan.....	Sun., June 9
Shavuoth.....	Fri., June 14
	Sat., June 15
*Rosh Chodesh Tammuz.....	Tues., July 9
Fast of Tammuz.....	Thurs., July 25
Rosh Chodesh Ab.....	Wed., Aug. 7
Tisho B'Ab.....	Thurs., Aug. 15

NOTE: Holidays begin in the evening preceding the dates designated.

*Rosh Chodesh also observed the previous day.

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Among Our Contributors

Dr. Israel Auerbach is the Berlin correspondent of the B'NAI B'RITH MAGAZINE. He has written numerous articles on new movements in contemporary Jewish life.

Dr. Julius Brutskus is a prominent physician and Russian-Jewish social worker.

Henry G. Alsberg was formerly a European correspondent for the *Nation*. And he has written a number of articles for Anglo-Jewish newspapers and periodicals.

E. David Goitein is a London barrister who is the author of numerous short stories and character sketches, depicting Jewish life in various parts of the world.

Samuel S. Cohon is a professor at the Hebrew Union College of Cincinnati. He is co-author of "Christianity and Judaism Compare Notes."

Our Readers Have Their Say

(Note: Letters from our readers are not necessarily printed in full. Our aim is to convey the substance of the thought expressed in the communications. Moreover, for the sake of clarity, we take the liberty of editing letters which we publish. We invite inquiries on matters of a public nature and will be glad to answer them whenever possible.—Editor.)

What Makes One A Good Jew?

Sir:

There has been some debating here as to the propriety of keeping Jewish business houses open on *Rosh Hashonah* and *Yom Kippur*. Would you please advise us whether a man can be considered a good Jew if he keeps his business house open on those days and goes to services.

J. A. Marks.

Boise, Idaho.

This question was passed on to recognized authorities in Reform, Conservative and Orthodox Judaism, and they replied as follows:

Rabbi David Philipson of Cincinnati: "Reform Judaism has no other standard to determine who is a 'good Jew' than the appeal to the individual sense of responsibility to the community. On this latter count I should say that the neglect to close the business house on these two days shows a lack of appreciation of that responsibility. The man who keeps his business open and attends divine service is a compromiser and compromise is poor religion. . . ."

Rabbi Solomon Goldman of Cleveland: "I should rather speak of a loyal Jew than of a good Jew. I would consider a Jew who keeps his business open on *Rosh Hashonah* and *Yom Kippur* one committing an act of disloyalty to his people. I cannot conceive that even in an industrialized civilization a man's business would be ruined or even suffer to any considerable extent by closing these three days. I rather suspect that the Jewish business man refrains from closing on these high holydays because he hesitates to appear before the world as a Jew. It should also be remembered that such public violation of the three holiest days of the Jewish year will reflect unfavorably on the entire Jewish community. The non-Jew, who is not unaware of the importance of these holydays, will be prompted to murmur, 'The Jew is ready to barter that which is most sacred for the sake of gain.'"

Rabbi I. M. Kowalsky of Brooklyn, N. Y.: "According to the Orthodox viewpoint which is derived from the Talmud, Maimonides and the *Shulchan Aruch*, the fact that a Jew goes to synagogue does not make him a good Jew if he otherwise violates the main principles of Judaism."

The Leo Frank Case

Sir:

I would like to obtain some information regarding the Leo Frank case. What was the name of the Negro who was the main witness against the unfortunate Frank? And has that Negro ever made a confession? Is an account of the case in print? And if so where may a copy of it be obtained?

R. L. Green.

1902 Mullen Ave., Los Angeles, Calif.

The Leo Frank case opened in 1913 and received a great deal of publicity. But the only account of it in book form is "The Truth About the Frank Case," part of which was originally written for Collier's Weekly, by C. P. Conolly. Collier's Weekly, 250 Park Avenue, New York City, will probably be able to tell you where the book may be obtained. Newt Lee and a Mr. Conley were the two colored men who were involved in the trial.

The following is a partial bibliography of the case: "The Frank Case" Outlook, December 16, 1914; "The Frank Case," Collier's Weekly, December 26, 1914; "Anti-Semitism and Frank Case" Literary Digest, January 16, 1915; Appeal in Frank Case," Outlook, January 6, 1915; "Did Leo Frank Get Justice?" Everybody's, March, 1916; "Last Legal Stage of the Frank Case," Outlook, April 28, 1915; "Case of Leo Frank," Outlook, May 26, 1915; "A Courageous Governor," Outlook, June 30, 1915; "The Case of Leo Frank," New Republic, July 24, 1915; "A Georgian on Justice," New Republic, August 7, 1915; "Outlaw State, Lynching of Leo M. Frank," Outlook, August 25, 1915; "Vilifying a State," Nation, August 26, 1915; "The End of the Frank Case," Outlook, September, 15, 1915; "Why Was Frank Lynched?" Forum, December, 1916.

Rabbi David Marx of 1017 St. Charles Ave., N. E., Atlanta, Ga., did yeoman service in Leo Frank's defense, and he could no doubt give you detailed information about the case. —Ed.

He Doesn't Look Like A Jew

Sir:

This is in regard to your recent editorial, "We Dreadful Children of Israel."

It just happens that I "Do not look like a Jew." Therefore I have had unusual opportunities for obtaining "inside information" as to why people of our faith, in many cases, do not meet with favor. . . . Many is the

time I have been tempted to corner a fellow Jew and try to impress upon him that he is making himself obnoxious in public by lack of manners, overdressing, disregard for others, being loud-mouthed and so forth. . . . The so-called Orthodox Jews, especially those hailing from Russia, Poland and other East European countries are the worst offenders.

Milwaukee, Wis.

H. L. F.

Let H. L. F. read Ludwig Lew-isoehn's "The Island Within," and he will acquire a better understanding of his fellow Jews and a more wholesome attitude toward them.—Ed.

An Admirer of the Montefiores

Sir:

I was in the public library of the little town where I am at present staying. Bored with the general run of periodicals, I, by chance, came upon your publication. It was the first time I had ever seen a Jewish magazine, and the sight of it was refreshing.

In your magazine I found a name that took me back home—a name as beloved in the town I was brought up in as that of Queen Victoria and more significant than that of Disraeli—Montefiore. How well I remember the big, white, wind-beaten home of Sir Moses Montefiore. No one was ever—in the daytime or at night—turned away hungry from that house. And I myself have always thought of Sir Moses as a saint.

As a child—and I am not very old now—I used to visit two artists' families in one of the homes Sir Joseph Montefiore had built for penniless and deserving artists who had once been famous. A coat of arms over the six homes, erected for this noble purpose, bore the motto, "Think and thank." They were, however, utterly free of the stigma of charity. Their occupants were all Gentiles; for there were no Jews then in England in need of bounty.

Sir Joseph Montefiore, with the aid of his family, carried on all the charitable work his father had started. How well I remember one cold, wet Sunday a carriage driving up to our house, bringing a very handsome man and lady to visit my mother. She had written asking aid for a certain widow; and Sir Joseph had sent his daughter-in-law and her son with money for my mother to give to the widow.

"Will you not take it yourself?" asked my mother. "Oh, no, you are the one to do that," replied the man smilingly. And that was all that was said—so perfect was the charity of the Montefiores.

Katherine Glasse Newell.

Fascinatingly Interesting

Sir:

Every issue of the B'NAI B'RITH MAGAZINE is fascinatingly interesting. More power to you.

Helena, Ark.

Mortimer Isaacs.

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Editorial Comment

When Winter Comes

THE summer's end. . . . The leaves whose sprouting we joyously noted a few months ago, flutter away on the wind. . . . Yesterday, it seems, the robin came, but today it is winging south. . . . The fragrance of leaves burning. . . . How short the summers become when a man has passed 40! . . . They used to stretch as far as the far dreams of youth could fly. . . . The first frost. . . . Everything was bigger and higher and wider and longer then. . . . Now the wide road has become narrower. . . . Now the aspirations of youth have returned, saddened, from the wide horizon. . . . That which seemed big is now little and unimportant. . . . The great ambitions have dwindled to puny, pallid ghosts of dreams. . . . Youth's massive heroes have shrunk. . . . And so winter comes.

* * *

That is really what we meant to say in the first place, before we were lost in these reflections. Winter comes! We have played awhile, and now the work-time has returned. Now Jewry resumes its eternal task of keeping alive, of trying to understand what it is here for, of serving, of building its structures devoted to faith and hope; aye, it returns also to its dissensions.

And who may find fault with the dissensions of Jewry? It is only when the Jew has lost his last enthusiasm, when the ardor for his causes shall have burned out that controversy in Jewry will come to an end.

* * *

So winter comes, and what are we going to do with it? Now the organizations of Jewry meet to deliberate upon their programs. Everyone is filled with a vast zeal for doing something or other. No one knows precisely what it should be but, generally, the cream of the program is a big dance, a dinner or a play.

We find no fault with these. If the dance brings young Jews together it is serving; if the dinner brings the older ones together it may be for a good Jewish purpose, if the play . . . well, if the play is of Jewish significance it is good.

And this brings us to our theme: The cultural programs of Jewry should be Jewish. It is of no Jewish purpose to bring before the Jewish community Professor Ludwig Klabfleisch, the renowned Austrian dietician, for a lecture on how to eat and grow thin. It is to no Jewish end to offer to the Jewish community a program of Wagner music. Nothing Jewish is served when the Jewish community is regaled with a play of Shaw's done by its talented youth.

* * *

Not that we mean to undervalue the merits of Professor Klabfleisch's theory for reducing, or to under-rate the glory of Wagner music, or to cast the least blemish on the cultural value of Shaw. But such lectures, music and plays are always available to the Jewish community; the halls and the theatres of every city offer them.

But the Jew must serve also his unique character as a Jew; he possesses a distinctive culture and it rests with him alone to cultivate it. It deserves to

be cultivated because it is a fine culture, because it contributes to the Jew's quality as a man.

We have a wealth of fine Jewish music and plays; we have Jewish artists who do surpassing work; we have Jewish authors who know how to bring "messages" of no less interest than those of any of the popular novelists who are so much in demand on the lecture platform.

* * *

So if we were one of the winter program-makers we would say to our fellow-members on the committee: "Gentlemen, let us attempt to make this a Jewish program. Let us have our dance and our dinner, but also let us hear Jewish music and see Jewish plays and hear Jewish 'messages.' Can not our young Jewish voices learn to sing for us the Jewish melodies of which there is a vast treasure?"

"If we are to present a play, surely we can find a good play of Jewish significance written in, or translated into, English. Why should not the cultural enterprises of Jewish bodies be Jewish? By presenting music and plays of general character are we not merely duplicating that which is already being well-done elsewhere?"

"Do we not owe it to ourselves to develop our cultural resources?"

* * *

As a program-maker we would go farther. We would propose that there be established in the community a class for the revival of Jewish ceremonials which have fallen into desuetude in the Jewish home.

We would point out that Jewish home life is not adorned merely by expensive furniture, but that, chiefly, its beauty is in the simple and ancient symbolisms that have been quite forgotten while the Jewish householder rushes about seeking New England antiques for his living room.

We know a Jewish husband whose wife came to him with the news that she had found a pair of candlesticks that date back to the American Revolution.

"And I must have them," she added. "They used to be in the house of the family that lived five doors from Paul Revere in Boston."

Then the husband answered: "I know still other candlesticks. They go back about 2,000 years. They held candles in the houses of martyrs and saints, and on Friday evenings they were lighted to greet the Sabbath as a bride. And every mother handed them down to her daughter and taught her the words of the prayer to be said at the kindling of the lights; and no mother forgot it and every daughter remembered it unto your time. You have forgotten it. The Friday night candlesticks are 2,000 years old and more, but you neglect them for candlesticks that are scarcely 150."

"But," the foolish woman argued, "they were in a house five doors from Paul Revere's."

We would teach not only the practice of the ceremonials but we would also interpret their poetic beauty because ceremonials are only mummery unless they who practice them know what they mean.

* * *

We commend these suggestions to the program-makers. Winter comes. May it not be a bleak one.

For the Greater Good of the Lodges

IN the foregoing we spoke of Jewish programs for Jewish organizations. It so happens that this month B'nai B'rith is offering first aid to lodges desiring to present such programs to their members. There is being assembled a collection of pictures of Jewish significance. This will be a traveling gallery, going from lodge to lodge for exhibition. There will also be a traveling illustrated lecture course on B'nai B'rith activities, and from time to time our program of Jewish education will be enlarged.

B'nai B'rith, already committed to the Jewish education of youth, in the Hillel Foundations, will embark on a program of adult Jewish education. There is so much we don't know about ourselves as Jews. We want our neighbors to understand us but do many of us understand ourselves? The better we understand ourselves, the better can we make ourselves understood to our neighbors.

* * *

The Trial of Non-Partisanship

THIS month non-partisanship as regards Palestine is to have its trial. A few months ago the non-partisan Palestine survey commission presented its report and now this report is to be submitted to the Non-Partisan Conference on Palestine which is to meet in New York.

This conference is to be composed of Zionists and non-Zionists and the fulfillment of the recommendations made by the survey depends upon how strictly the conference adheres to the non-partisan idea.

The time has come for co-operation in Palestine on the part of all elements in Jewry, for Jewish Palestine is no longer a political theory but a condition. To the Zionist belongs the glory of the pioneer, but as fine as the service of the Zionists has been, they can no longer carry the burden alone.

Non-partisanship means the sinking of party differences and party pride, and a clasping of hands in pledge to a common devotion.

* * *

The Health-Giving Mosaic Law

MOSES, that matchless law-giver, is receiving indorsement before medical bodies in this year 1928. If he codified the moral law he gave also a series of health regulations that guard his people to this day.

Some time ago we called attention to the statement of a European authority who said that the Jew was immune from cancer in those portions of his body that are protected by Mosaic hygiene.

And now comes Dr. W. Miller, speaking before a medical body in London, with figures that show Jews to be relatively immune from tuberculosis. He points out that the Jewish people in America and in the populated parts of Europe are less susceptible to this disease than their non-Jewish neighbors. In the United States the Jewish death rate from tuberculosis is 37 per thousand while the death rate from this disease in the general population is 138 per thousand. Dr. Miller ascribes this to the hygienic and dietary laws of the Pentateuch and the adherence of the Jews to them. It is written that the Law is "a tree of life."

Mr. Ben B'rith and His Lawyer

LAST month we wrote about Mr. Ben B'rith's will. Having provided for his family, Ben B'rith considered what to do in order that his memory as a Jew might be perpetuated. And, as will be recalled, he determined that a Jew can make no better provision for his immortality as a Jew than by leaving a bequest (large or small) to an endowment for Jewish education through the Hillel Foundation.

Now it is further related that, having roughly sketched his will, Ben B'rith called in his lawyer to clothe it in legal form. Now it so happened that the lawyer was a member of the same lodge.

"I have called you," said Ben B'rith, "to talk to you about my will."

"In that event," the lawyer replied, "I would like to make a suggestion before I forget it."

Ben B'rith nodded.

"If it is your purpose to leave something for Jewish causes, there is one cause I think should not be forgotten. It's the Hillel Foundation."

Ben B'rith laughed.

"Our minds run the same way," he said. He showed his lawyer the rough draft of his will.

"You see I have already made provision for the Hillel Foundation."

"I am suggesting this to all my clients who are members of the B'nai B'rith," the lawyer said. "If all of us remember the Hillel Foundation in our wills we can obtain for it a permanent endowment."

Needless to say, this is written as a suggestion to those brethren who are lawyers and who have brother Jews for clients.

* * *

A Half Million in Cemeteries

IT IS reported that on one of the days preceding the recent high holidays a half million Jews visited the cemeteries in New York. And so throughout the land.

The Jews sat by the graves of their parents, and around the thousands of tombstones one saw the reunions of families. The hands of the dead were uniting the members for new devotions to one another.

When we contemplate the everlasting Jew, may we not wonder whether it is his filial affection which gives lasting life to his faith? The religious doubts of his times may harass him, the religious indifference of his environment may affect him also, but he respects Judaism because it was the faith of his parents. He maintains the pew in the synagogue or the temple because it was their pew. He pays his dues to the congregation because it was their congregation. He may not go often to the services but once a year he goes and he says to himself, "This is what my parents would want me to do."

We know many Jews who will not smoke on the Sabbath.

And when asked why, they invariably answer, "My parents would be distressed if they knew I smoked. They are dead these many years, but still I don't smoke."

By such tender respect the Jewish quality lives. Is that what is meant by the words of the commandment, "Honor thy father and thy mother that thy days may be prolonged in the land."

Our 4,228,000 Jews in the U. S.

THERE were 4,228,000 Jews in the United States in 1927, according to the American Jewish Year Book, and in all probability the number has increased a little in 1928.

We are about one twenty-fifth of the population of the land, a handful, and we have cause to be proud that our portion of service in the Nation is far larger than our share of the population.

We would like to see the Jewish Year Book compile a census of the number of Jewish students in universities, of Jewish professors, of Jewish teachers in elementary and high schools, of Jews in medicine and in law, of Jews in the public service.

We know a city in the middle west, with a population of less than 25,000 Jews, in which the mayor, the president of the Board of Education, the chairman of the city planning commission, the county treasurer, the president of the park board and the dean of the Young Men's Christian Association Law School are Jews. And these are not Jews who have ascended to their eminences by political jobbery or by the sycophancy by which men often gain political and other preferment.

Each of them is an independent, a fearless leader for civic righteousness, a champion who has held the ideals of good government before the eyes of the people. Each of them is an outstanding Jew.

In that city the Jews comprise less than one-twentieth of the population.

These are facts not to be spoken of boastfully but with the pride becoming to a people that is making return with fine service for the rights and privileges which it shares equally with all others.

* * *

The Ritual Murder Charge Revives

IT WAS in the year 1144 that the ritual murder charge was invented in England.

In that year "on the occasion of the disappearance of a boy, William of Norwich, the Jews were accused of having murdered him," we are told in "A History of the Jewish People" by Margolis and Marx. "At the same time a Jewish convert, Theobald of Cambridge, made the general charge that the Jews killed a Christian every year before Passover as sacrifice, deciding by lot in which city the murder was to take place. So flimsy was the evidence that the Jews were not even required to answer the charge, the sheriff of Norwich taking them under his protection. Nevertheless, the story subsequently gained credence, and the child became a martyred saint. As a consequence, the Jews of Norwich were attacked, some being killed, while the majority fled."

Twenty-seven years later the myth appeared at Blois in France, and forty members of the Jewish community were consigned to the flames. Only a few saved themselves by baptism.

Through the succeeding ages the ritual murder charge traveled about Europe and from time to time was heard in Germany, in Spain, in Poland, in Russia, in Damascus, in Hungary. The Mendel Beilis case is of recent memory.

The ancient lie dies hard and last month it raised its head at Zenter in Jugo-Slavia. A Christian girl

had disappeared, and the ritual murder charge was sounded, and a threatening mob gathered for assault on the Jews, and only the intervention of police saved the Jewish population.

The mob was not to be quieted even after the girl was found. She was in an emaciated condition from walking for days without food; but this explanation was not accepted and the story went out that the Jews had hypnotized her and drawn blood from her through her nose. The lie grew in the telling and it became the popular conviction at Zenter that in every synagogue a Christian child was immured.

The myth has crawled on the earth 814 years.

* * *

Aye, And Even in America

WHEN we wrote the preceding editorial we thought we were writing about an evil thing that festered only in the dark spots of the earth, that could afflict only benighted minds in backward countries.

We believed that this hideous emanation from the dark ages was something that could persist only in sections of the world sequestered from the influences of civilization.

So it is no little blow to our pride in our civilization to see the blood accusation episode in Jugo-Slavia duplicated almost precisely in the town of Massena in the imperial State of New York. Only in Jugo-Slavia, it appears, there was no official support given to the ritual murder accusation that came from the mob; in Massena, New York, it was given official countenance.

The circumstances leading to the vile accusation in the Jugo-Slavian village and in the New York village quite parallel each other. In both a girl disappeared and in both there began to spread in the excited mob the suspicion of ritual murder. In both were heard threats of violence against Jews, and in both the lost girl was found alive in a nearby woods. In both the suspicion was not to be allayed by the recovery of the lost one, for while the Jugo-Slavians said the Jews had drawn blood from the girl's nose, the New Yorkers said the Jews really had captured the girl with the intention of killing her, but, suspicion being directed against them, they had spirited her into the woods where she was found.

The vital difference between the Jugo-Slavia and New York incidents is that in New York the mob was comforted by the encouragement of officials. By the arrangement of the mayor of the town, a state trooper summoned Rabbi Berel Brennglass to the police station to question him about the "blood ritual," putting to him the inquiry whether Jews ever indulged in human sacrifice.

We glory in Rabbi Brennglass who answered these insults with such scorn as to put to shame the benighted officials. We glory in the Congregation Adath Israel of Massena which refused to accept the apology of the mayor, saying he owed apology not to them alone but to all Jewry. We glory in Louis Marshall, President of the American Jewish Committee, who speaking for Jewry, called the mayor to stern account, lashing him with whips of burning reproach.

The incident was closed with a contrite apology to the Jewish people by the mayor of Massena—and all's well that ends well.

A Cross-Section of Jewish Life

Social Welfare



A CONFERENCE to act upon the report of the Palestine Survey Commission has been called for October 20th and 21st. It will be held at Hotel Biltmore in New York City. The main purpose of the gathering will be to determine how American Jewry should participate in the enlarged Jewish Agency. Dr. Chaim Weizmann is coming to this country to participate in the conference, which is the outgrowth of plans formulated by Louis Marshall and him. And it is expected that Lord Melchett, President of the British Zionist Federation, will also attend.

* * *

IN a letter to James N. Rosenberg, Chairman of the American Jewish Joint Agricultural Corporation, Herbert Hoover hailed the colonization movement of the Russian Jews as "one of the outstanding pieces of human engineering in the world today." And in the course of his communication Mr. Hoover lauded Julius Rosenwald for his gift of \$5,000,000 toward the financing of this historic undertaking. This message came in reply to a letter from Mr. Rosenberg telling of the work now under way to complete the raising of a \$10,000,000 fund for the Jewish colonization movement in Russia.

* * *

THE Y.M.H.A.'s and the Y.W.H.A.'s help create a force of pioneers for social service. And they develop among their membership a mutual understanding of one another's problems. Statements to this effect constitute the keynote of Mrs. Felix M. Warburg's New Year's message addressed to the Metropolitan League of Young Women's and Young Men's Hebrew Associations.

* * *

THE SUM of \$35,000 was left by Jacob E. Bamberger, who died some weeks ago, to be used for the education and medical assistance of poor children of Utah, regardless of creed, race or color. Mr. Bamberger was a brother of the late Governor Bamberger.

DR. CHAIM WEIZMANN will be the principal speaker at the Armistice Day meeting of the national conference on Palestine which will be held in Boston on Saturday evening, November 10th, and Sunday, November 11th. Dr. Weizmann is coming to this country next month to help form the Jewish Agency. Another distinguished guest who is expected to participate in the conference is Lord Melchett, President of the English Zionist Federation.

Problems of the reconstruction work in Palestine will be considered by the conference. A new administration for the United Palestine Appeal will be chosen. And a budget and quotas for the coming campaign will be worked out.

* * *

IN THE hands of our American Jewish youth lies the future of American Jewry. Their responsibility is therefore a great one." This statement is from Felix M. Warburg's New Year's message to the 200,000 members of Y.M.H.A.'s, Y.W.H.A.'s and community centers affiliated with the Jewish Welfare Board of which Mr. Warburg is Acting President.

* * *

THE JEWISH FORUM, which recently celebrated the tenth anniversary of its founding, has moved its offices to 38 West 32nd street, New York City. Founded in 1918 by the late Dr. Solomon T. H. Hurwitz, it has been edited by Isaac Rosengarten since 1919.

* * *

A NEW Jewish insurance company has been formed, and David A. Brown is to be President of it. Engaging in general, life, health and accident insurance, this company will be known as the Mount Sinai Life Insurance Company. The board of directors, to be chosen from among the subscribers, will consist of prominent Christian and Jewish philanthropists.

* * *

THE Palestine Zionist Executive Committee will now push the work of transferring the body of Theodor Herzl, the founder of political Zionism, from the Jewish cemetery in Vienna to Palestine. Unfavorable conditions have hitherto delayed the work. A statement to this effect was recently issued after rumors had been spread that the American Association for Z.O.A. Reorganization had decided to transfer the remains of the great leader.

Foreign



A VERY deplorable occurrence took place in Jerusalem on *Yom Kippur*. The Jews who are wont to go to the Wailing Wall to pray on that most sacred of sacred days had set up a screen as a partition between the men worshippers and the women worshippers—in accord with the Orthodox Jewish practice. Against this the Moslem Supreme Council protested, and consequently the police came upon the scene and broke up the *Yom Kippur* services. This aroused anguish and bitterness among the Jewish worshippers. And a turmoil ensued. Protest demonstrations have been held by Jews throughout Palestine. And demands have been made that the matter be taken up with the British Government and the League of Nations. The police officer who was responsible for the disturbance has been suspended from office.

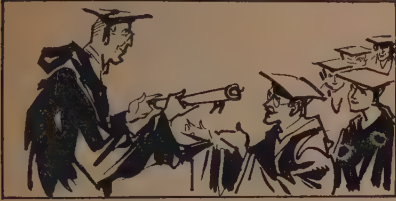
* * *

THIS is an age of enlightenment. The vanguard of scientists and humanitarians carry on an indefatigable campaign against superstition and bigotry. And yet not a year passes without the ritual murder bogey rearing its hideous head in one part of the world or another. During the recent high holydays this shameful accusation was made against the Jews in Jugoslavia. And such violent form did the anti-Semitic feeling take that it became necessary for the Government to declare martial law in the region.

* * *

THE Jews of South Africa have made history. They have developed a Jewish communal life which is like and yet unlike that of the United States. In many ways it is unique. Therefore it is gratifying to learn that a South African Jewish Historical Society has been formed with the end in view of compiling a complete history of South African Jewry and its institutions.

Religion—Education



THIS is a time of changing concepts regarding the make-up of races, racial characteristics, nationalism and group culture. Few now speak glibly of the United States as a melting pot as we were wont to do two decades ago. A characteristic revaluation of the part the various nationalities, races and cultural groups can play in the development of American civilization was made recently by Dr. Abraham Flexner, formerly Director of the General Educational Board of the Rockefeller Foundation. Speaking at the recent graduation exercises of the Training School for Jewish Social Work, Dr. Flexner denounced those who would standardize culture. He said in effect: Much nonsense has been spoken on the question of racial characteristics. I doubt if there has ever been anywhere a Nordic race. . . . Short sighted reformers think it of value to this country to disintegrate the various racial groups who make up the population of this country. But to destroy the distinctive contribution of each of these groups would be to take away something important from our too barren civilization.

Eighteen students received their certificates of graduation. Addresses were also delivered by Felix M. Warburg, Chairman of the executive committee of the school who presided; by Maurice J. Karpf, Director of the school; and by Solomon Lowenstein, Executive Director of the Federation for the Support of Jewish Philanthropic Societies.

* * *

DR. BEN M. SELEKMAN has been appointed Director of the American office of the Hebrew University. He has been on the research staff of the Russel Sage Foundation for the past ten years and he is the author of "Sharing Management with the Workers," "Employees' Representation in Steel Work," "Postponing Strikes" and other studies on industrial and economic subjects.

The announcement of this appointment was made recently by the American Advisory Committee of the Hebrew University.

ON THE occasion of *Rosh Hashonah*, beginning the Jewish year 5689, the Committee on Goodwill Between Jews and Christians of the Federal Council of Churches of Christ in America issued a greeting and message of appreciation to the Jews of the world. This is an historic and noble gesture and is bound to bear fruit in helping to strengthen human fellowship throughout the world.

* * *

LAST month Dr. Cyrus Adler, President of the Jewish Theological Seminary and of Dropsie College, celebrated his sixty-fifth birthday. And on this occasion Dr. Adler, who is one of the outstanding spiritual and intellectual leaders in American Jewry, called upon the Jews in this country to strengthen the synagogue.

Dr. Adler belongs to the Conservative group in American Judaism, and he was one of the founders of the United Synagogue of America. In his birthday message he said in part: "The United Synagogue of America is engaged in an effort to bring the synagogue into the life of the people and the people into the synagogue. The United Synagogue stands for traditional Judaism and traditional Judaism is a way of life which governs the relationship of man to God and of men to each other. . . . The belief in one God is our fundamental doctrine; justice and lovingkindness spring therefrom. These doctrines the synagogue teaches us. It is the aim of the United Synagogue of America to make them real in the life of the Jewish people."

* * *

ANOTHER case of a man who leaped before he looked. Sometime ago there appeared in the *United Presbyterian* of Pittsburgh an editorial berating the Jews. Now Rev. Mr. H. H. Marlin, editorial writer of that publication, says he is sorry he wrote the editorial. And he declares further: "I attempted a brief characterization of the Jew as he is generally viewed by Gentile eyes. It is not wise nor just to indulge in that sort of generalization. It was a serious mistake which will not be made a second time. I am certainly not an enemy of the Jew. To no other race do I owe so profound a debt as I owe to the Jewish race."

* * *

EVERYONE is talking about the talking moving pictures these days. And now a company has been organized to film religious talking pictures in Palestine. Among the members of the advisory board of this new company are Rabbi Nathan Krass and Samuel Untermyer.

Miscellaneous



HAGIBOR, a Jewish sports club of Prague, won first place in the international swimming meet which was held recently in Poland. Another Jewish club, Hakoah of Vienna, won second place.

* * *

WITH Dr. Stephen S. Wise as one of the speakers at the ceremony, Dr. Louis J. Kapald was installed as Rabbi of the North Shore Congregation Israel in Glencoe, Ill., a few weeks ago. Harry N. Gottlieb, President of the congregation, delivered the address of welcome.

* * *

DELEGATES from Tel Aviv and from the colonies participated in a conference several weeks ago to work out means and ways of enforcing Sabbath rest in Palestine. Communities were called upon to enforce a Sabbath ordinance similar to the one promulgated by the municipality of Tel Aviv. And a resolution was adopted insisting that Jewish officials be released from duty on Saturday.

* * *

RABBI LEON HARRISON, one of the most prominent Reform rabbis in this country, was killed several weeks ago when he was run over by a subway train in New York. Dr. Harrison, a native of Liverpool, England, was for more than 35 years Rabbi of Temple Israel of St. Louis. He was famous as an orator and was influentially active in civic, communal and cultural endeavor.

* * *

THE Government of White Russia has approved the new statutes of the *Ort*, according to which this organization seeks to "improve the economic condition of the Jewish masses by drawing them into productive work in industry and on the land."

* * *

ALL organizations of the Sephardic Jews of Latin-America are to be affiliated with the Sephardic World Federation. Rabbi Sabbetai Djaen, Sephardic Chief Rabbi of Bitolj, Jugoslavia, will soon make a tour of South America with that end in view.

Thinking Aloud

By Urva Porah



Y no little effort I have obtained the diary of the late Dr. Nasalheimer, the great plastic surgeon, who specialized in making over noses. It appears that this eminent practitioner had no relish for his work, but, being faithful to the physician's oath that has come down from Hippocrates, gave relief to whomever came to him in distress.

Indeed, he frequently argued with his patients, to persuade them to keep their noses, but only once with success. But it should be said for him that however much he protested, he gave to every nose the full service of his skilled hand and every nose that passed from his operating table was completely rid of its hereditary characteristics.

* * *

I shall quote at random from pages of the diary of this renowned and most faithful surgeon:

December 6, 1921—Noses! Noses! Noses! They passed before me today in serried ranks, like despairing soldiers in retreat, each anxious to escape from its hereditary qualities.

As is my custom, I inquired of every patient, "And why do you desire to have your nose changed?" I recall the answer of Mrs. A.

"It's too distinctive," she replied. "I want my nose to be like other noses."

I said to her frankly: "Madam, what other distinction have you! Your nose alone distinguishes you as a person apart from the mass of the populace. It is the hall-mark of your noble inheritance, dating back to the morning of history. It has itself a great history, and, knowing its historic background, I should say it is a beautiful nose by reason of its historic implications. Why should you want one of the standardized noses of mankind? Why does not the Jew try to be himself? We are forever wanting to escape from ourselves. We are happy when someone tells us he never suspected that we were Jewish."

My speech waxed most eloquent but the lady was not to be persuaded.

"Doctor," she said, "you wouldn't talk that way if you knew the trouble we have getting into some hotels. You should have seen how I blushed when they kept us out of the Extravaganza Hotel last summer. I want the historic Anglo-Saxon nose."

I perceived it was no use to argue further with the lady and obliged her. I am pleased to report a most successful operation, having used as my model the nasal appendage of Queen Mary of England of ancient Anglo-Saxon lineage and yet not nearly as old as the former nose of Mrs. A.

* * *

March 8, 1922—Today I operated on the nose of Mr. S. As my instrument descended upon it, I hesitated.

Mr. S., lying before me unconscious, seemed to symbolize the Jew unconscious of his inherited merits, asleep to his opportunity to make a distinctive spiritual contribution to mankind, forever seeking to avoid the inheritance of the spirit which if cultivated would make him a man among men.

Mr. S.'s nose which I was about to alter seemed to represent the excellent Jewish distinctions that Mr. S. despised in himself and was eager to be rid of. It was a nose of quality with the lines of those Spanish Jews who died in the Inquisition, with the proud nostrils of the ancestors who suffered for the faith.

"Poor, unconscious Jew," I said, as, at length, my instrument with a quick motion destroyed forever the Jewish semblance of his nose.

It was a perfect job and in the remodeling process I was guided by the well-known nose of the Prince of Wales, and I am pleased to say that Mr. S.'s nose will possess a striking likeness thereto.

* * *

September 6, 1922—Today I had a unique experience. Was called upon by a lady who said, "Don't you remember me, doctor?"

I was obliged to confess I did not.

"I am Mrs. A. to whom you gave the Anglo-Saxon nose last December. Don't you remember? And I've come to thank you. It's been such a relief!

Only the other day a woman who accidentally found out I was Jewish, said to me, 'I never would have suspected you are Jewish.' It gave me such a feeling of pride. And last summer I got into the Extravaganza Hotel. They simply didn't recognize me. Isn't it wonderful, doctor? I don't know how to thank you."

But I answered her: "You needn't thank me."

I fear I spoke rather coldly to her.

* * *

October 3, 1927—I have at length succeeded in persuading a patient to keep her nose, and by a most simple device, though previously my most earnest eloquence had failed.

She was Mrs. D. I made to her the usual speech, pointing out to her the historic nature of her nose and how desirable it is for any distinctive people to maintain its distinctions in a standardized world. I went to pains to tell her that it was not merely physical variety that the Jew possesses but also spiritual differentiations.

It appeared that nothing could move this lady from her determination to get a new nose.

"I am tired of being different," she said.

"Ah, my dear lady," I said, "the Jewish nose not only has a great history but I might say, without levity, that it is an antique among the noses of mankind."

"Antique!" she exclaimed rather joyously. I saw at once that my patient was one who had succumbed to the current passion for collecting antiques.

"Precisely," I replied. "There is no older recorded nose than the Jewish." She hesitated.

"In that case," she said, "I'll have to think about this."

Thereupon she departed. I feel I have accidentally come upon a most effective means of persuasion.

* * *

But the eminent surgeon died before he could make further test of his discovery.

The Birth of Israel

By Samuel S. Cohon

The Torah

THE collection of our sacred literature, known as the Bible, opens with the Torah. Though it begins with "Origins" (Bereshis-Genesis), its theme is not primarily the saga of ancient heroes or the history of the people of Israel, but rather the Law of God. Whatever historic material it contains is but incidental to this main theme of *instruction* in the knowledge of God and of His ways with nature, with mankind and particularly with Israel, and in the laws which He commanded unto Israel. This is the main object of the five books which compose the Torah. Accordingly, a large portion of Exodus, the whole of Leviticus, most of Numbers and Deuteronomy are devoted to law. Furthermore the narratives, poems and addresses which mingle with the law have been edited in such manner as to enforce the primary object of the law. The five volume work or Pentateuch combines records and traditions of different ages, which were current in the north of Palestine and in the south, with the genealogies, accounts of institutions, like the Sabbath, circumcision, etc., and rules of diet and priestly ritual, and cast them in the mould of prophetic idealism. Thus the Torah rightly constitutes the foundation of Judaism and the lever of much of mankind's moral progress.

Its object being religious rather than historical, the Torah begins with the account of creation. With a poetic sweep of marvelous beauty, it presents order emerging out of chaos. By His creative word God is presented as calling the vast cosmos into being and crowning His efforts with the formation of man. While utilizing the knowledge of his day, the unknown author of the story of creation conveyed a spiritual rather than a scientific view of the world. He pictures man, the child of dust, as endowed with the spirit of divinity. He proceeds further to show the kin-

ship of the human race. All mankind has descended from the same pair of ancestors. The racial divisions known in his day, the Semites (Shem), Aryans (Japhet) and Negroes (Ham) are traced back to the common ancestor, Noah. The author seeks to bring the existence of evil, pain and death under the scheme of divine Providence. He further illustrates the retributive justice of God in the story of the flood. Tracing the diversity of human speech and racial subdivisions of mankind, he prepares the stage for the appearance

monuments that have been unearthed in Egypt, Assyro-Babylonia and in the land of the Hittites as well as in Palestine itself. Improved methods of historical investigation have further enabled the trained eye of the scholar to discern the value of the very legends, traditions and laws of the Pentateuch. "In the proper sense and in the proper place" they offer valuable testimony in tracing the growth of Israel's religious ideas and institutions.

I. The Patriarchs

The civilizations of the Euphrates and the Nile valleys were hoary with age when Abraham at the head of his household, slaves, flocks and herds moved along the caravan route from Ur, the ancient Babylonian seat of religion, culture, and commerce to the Aramean trading center Haran. There the household divided. While his brother Nahor remained at Haran, Abraham and his retinue, including Lot, Nahor's son (and progenitor of Moab and Ammon) continued their journey southward. What economic, political and social factors prompted this pilgrim father to leave the prosperous cities and pasture lands of his native land for the perils of a new world must ever remain unknown. The fact that both Ur and Haran were centers of moon worship lends plausibility to the tradition that Abraham's departure resulted from his break with his ancestral faith. Some scholars further claim to have found in



Abraham

of Israel in the drama of universal history. In tracing the role played by Israel, the author's chief interest is again religious. He dwells particularly upon the covenants with the patriarchs, upon God's help in Israel's liberation from bondage and upon the theophanies at Sinai, at Kadesh Barnea, and on the plains of Moab.

While the Pentateuch presents no consecutive history of Israel's beginnings, it contains materials with which to construct such a history. These have been enriched by the records and

Babylonia of the age of Hammurabi (i. e.: about two thousand B. C. E.) a God named Ya-u, which may be the shorter form of Yahweh. It is, therefore, quite probable that as follower of this God, Abraham set out for a new land where he might worship his God unmolested. (However, elsewhere we learn that the name Yahweh was not known until the days of Moses). The Bible narratives view his migration as part of the providential plan to make him and his children a blessing unto all the families of the earth.

Canaan was not wholly unknown to him. Its position as the highway bridge between Africa and Asia linked it to both Egypt and Babylonia. The tide of Babylonian migration, commerce, and culture ran high in Canaan. In its Semitic atmosphere, Abraham did not find himself a stranger. The country proved itself a land of promise to him. Thinly populated by motley tribes and dotted with city states, it contained, as it still does today, unoccupied lands which were open to nomadic tribes. Abraham migrated as far south as Hebron and settled in its vicinity. (We even hear of his descent into Egypt, but this may be a mere duplicate of Jacob's experience). It is significant that in the relief of Pharaoh Sheshank I on the walls of Karnak "the field of Abram" is mentioned among the conquered places, probably in the vicinity of Hebron. He is also connected with several other localities in the south of Canaan. There he entered into an alliance with the chieftains Eshcol, Aner, and Mamre, an alliance which served him well in the crisis which soon confronted him.

A fragment which preserves a somewhat historical tradition, presents Abraham in a singular role of warrior.

The five city kings of Sodom, Gomorrah, Admah, Zeboim and Bela (or Zoar)—all in the vicinity of the Dead Sea, where Lot lived—raised the banner of revolt against their overlord, Chedorlaomer, king of Elam. Babylonia itself under the reign of Hammurabi's father appears to have been under Elamitic suzerainty, a condition to which the great conqueror Hammurabi also had to submit in the early years of his reign. In response to Chedorlaomer's call, Amraphel (Hammurabi), together with Arioch of Ellasar and Tidal of Goiim (possibly Gutium, north of Babylonia), undertook an expedition against the rebels. They overran the land as far as the Gulf of Akaba (El-paran). They retraced their steps to En Mishpat (Kadesh Barnea), and defeated the Amalekites and the Amorites on the western shore of the Dead Sea. They then routed and despoiled the five rebel kings. Among the captives which they took was Lot.

When Abraham heard of the capture of his nephew, he armed his home-born slaves, numbering three hundred and eighteen, and with the aid of his confederates Aner, Eshcol and Mamre, set out in pursuit of the captors. He overtook them in the extreme north, and, overwhelming them in a night attack, drove them in disorderly flight, beyond Damascus, and recovered Lot

and the other captives as well as the booty which they had carried off. In gratitude the king of Sodom proposed that only his people be returned to him and that Abraham retain all the property. But Abraham spurned the offer of the king lest he should say I have made Abraham rich! He had fought for the recovery of Lot and would receive no compensation for his labors. At the same time he would not deprive his allies of the reward due them.

Despite this representation of Abraham as a mighty warrior, he is generally spoken of as a stranger in the land. The appellation, *Ivri-Hebrew*, attached to him is taken to mean an immigrant from "beyond the river (Euphrates)." The only possession which he acquired, through purchase, was the Cave of Machpela, as a burial place near Hebron. However, with the passing of the ages the stranger came to be regarded as the father of the country. To the priestly writer his

very name signified "the father of a multitude of nations." Not only Israel but Edom to the south and the nomads of Arabia were considered his descendants through Ishmael and the sons of Keturah. But it is as the father of Israel that he is glorified in the Bible. On the one hand, he looms as the embodiment of Israel's hopes for extended territories, teeming populations and great prosperity, which were realized only in the days of David and Solomon; and on the other hand, he stands as the ideal of Israel's spiritual strivings. For the priestly writers he is an observer of the law, "through whom the covenant with his race was sealed by the rite of circumcision." The prophetic writer utilizes his grand figure for the portrayal of their ideals of faith and nobility of character. They picture him as a saint and prophet, as a prince of God and friend of man. Their protest against the horrible institution of



Abraham and Isaac

human sacrifice, whereby they raised the religion of Israel above all the neighboring cults, they presented as a divine revelation to him. Post-biblical tradition continued this process of idealization of the father of the Jewish race, and represented him as the zealous propagandist of true religion. While these facts render it difficult to single out the historical elements in the majestic portrait of Abraham, they also tend to show that already to the early writers of the Bible Abraham presented an inspiring personality. Against a background of legend he stands out as a noble son of the Semitic race, an heir of Babylonian culture, a prosperous chieftain of his tribe, distinguished for his magnanimity and love of justice, and the father of the people, through whom a revolutionary religious ideal came to the world.

The grandeur of character displayed by Abraham is entirely absent from that of his son Isaac. As the child of Sarah, Isaac is vested with greater importance than his wild half-brother, Ishmael; but his life story gives him no particular claim to greatness. After the idyllic account of his marriage with Rebekah, who was selected for him from his Aramean kinsfolk, he is known as an undistinguished but prosperous, peaceful, and home-loving farmer. Unlike Abraham, whose life was spent in continuous migrations, Isaac led a more settled agricultural life in the south of Palestine (the Negeb). He is associated with Beer-lahai-roi, Gerar, Rehoboth and Beer-Sheba on the southern border.

Isaac's place in biblical tradition is that of the father of Esau and particularly of Esau. Esau settled on the barren heights of Mt. Seir or Edom, and controlled the caravan route of Syria to the Red Sea. Jacob wandered north to his Aramean kinsmen, where he married Rachel and Leah and their maid-servants, Bilhah, and Zilbah. After the birth of eleven out of his twelve sons—who are treated in tradition as the ancestors of the twelve tribes of Israel—and of his daughter, Dinah, he returned to Canaan and established himself at Shechem, where he purchased a field "not, as in the case of Abraham, for the sake of

burial, but in order that he might live upon it in tent or home, and secure a spring of water for his own possession." Another tradition implies that he conquered Shechem with sword and bow. Jacob's name is also linked with Beth-el, another religious center in Central Canaan.

It is Jacob that was recognized as the distinctive ancestor of Israel. Biblical tradition details his life with consummate art and loving care. Shrewd, cunning, and energetic, he was also an idealist, a dreamer of lofty dreams, a devoted lover and a man of peace. Though beginning life as a "supplanter" (Jacob), he grew to be a soldier of God—Israel, one who had striven with God and with men and prevailed.

It is significant that the records of

fathers of the people of Israel lived in Canaan prior to their migration into Egypt.

The narratives of the patriarchs clearly reflect the struggles and rivalries of their descendants with their neighbors, the Arameans, Canaanites, Philistines, Edomites, Moabites and Ammonites. Rebekah, for instance, was told as she was about to deliver the twin brothers, Jacob and Esau:

"Two nations are in thy womb,
And two peoples shall be separated
from thy womb;
And the one people shall be
stronger than the other people;
And the elder shall serve the
younger."

The contrasting natures of Jacob and Esau and the different blessings which Isaac bestowed upon them accord with their respective national characteristics and with the geographic conditions of their countries. While Jacob is promised fertile fields, plenty of corn and wine and dominion over nations, Esau is told: "by thy sword shalt thou live, and thou shalt serve thy brother." Indeed Edom was subject to Israel after the establishment of the Kingdom of David.

These considerations do not destroy the possibility that beneath the national reminiscences and legends there are the faint outlines of the historical personages of the patriarchs. The fact that few nations have preserved the memory of their progenitors is no conclusive proof against the historicity of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob. That a single family should grow into a tribe is not unknown among the Semites. There are instances on record where

a single individual became the progenitor of a tribe or a collection of tribes, which under favorable circumstances may form a nation. Calling themselves the "sons of" their ancestors, these people preserve, for generations, his name as well as the names of his leading descendants. Accordingly the Semites speak of the children of a certain individual where other people would speak of the citizens or residents of a certain land, giving preference to genealogical over geographical and political forms of identification.

(To be continued next month)



Thotmes III, who made extensive conquests in Asia, between 1478 and 1446, B.C.E., refer to two Canaanite towns named *Ya'-K-B-ra* and *Ya-sha-p'-ra*, which are probably the Egyptian equivalents for *Jacob-el* and *Joseph-el*. While it is possible that persons of Babylonian stock—among whom these names were found—settled in Canaan and gave their names to these cities, it is not altogether unlikely that they are in some way connected with the patriarch Jacob and his son Joseph. Accordingly these place names may support the biblical testimony that the

The Oze Brings Health

By Julius Brutskus



HE Jews are accustomed to consider themselves eternal, and feel assured that they will always exist in spite of unfavorable political and economic conditions. History so far has justified this optimism. Many ancient peoples have died, but the Jews have preserved themselves. The cruel persecutions and exiles, the concentration in the crowded ghettos,

army and in the schools during the physical examination of the children. A further cause for the physical weakening of the Jews is to be found in the fact that the Jews of all lands have generally migrated from the villages and small towns to the large cities.

War Dealt Severe Blow

A severe blow to the physical condition of the Jewish population was dealt by the war; it having left behind many crippled, sick and diseased. And, what is worse, it gave us a new generation weakened by hunger, disease and poverty.

These dangerous phenomena were noticed even before the war by the Jewish doctors in Russia, who organized for the purpose of raising the physical level of the Jewish population, a society by the name of OZE (*Obchestvo Zdorove Evreev*).

During the time of the war this society gathered and spent nearly twenty million *roubles* for the feeding and the healing of the poor and their children, for the building of asylums, kindergartens and schools.

Still greater efforts were made necessary by the massacres and famine in Russia, the caring for the poor beyond the frontiers of Russia and in the new States. After the war branches of the OZE were gradually

established in a number of countries, such as the Ukraine, Lithuania, Latvia, Poland, Danzig, Bessarabia, Bukovina, etc., which were all under the direction of the central committee of the Union in Berlin. The problems of these organizations had to do chiefly with the prevention of disease, rather than the cure, which is in conformity with the principles of modern medicine. These branches of the OZE aim to arouse an interest among the Jewish population in questions of individual and community hygiene; and they have established a number of prophylactic institutions. Special attention is given to the growth of the children which are cared for from birth to the time of their leaving school. Besides the prevention of disease the OZE promotes the physical development of the youth through its gymnastic and sport institutions. To turn the attention of the Jewish population to the questions of hygiene and to awake in them an attitude of "self-help" are the chief functions of the various OZE divisions, and their central office in Berlin.

Some Phases of the Work

For the purpose of acquainting the reader with representative activities of the OZE I shall explain briefly some phases of the work.

In a number of cities, through the initiative and financial help of the OZE, there have been established clinics for pregnant women and for nursing infants. These institutions, in such cities as Bialistok, Kishinef and Vilna accommodate nearly two-thirds



A Class in Gymnastics

and the life of semi-starvation have not destroyed the family of Abraham. The Jews of Europe have grown numerically within the last hundred years, and have established communities in America, Africa and Australia. However, lately a phenomenon of a reverse character is noticeable. The Jewish populations in the more advanced countries such as Germany, France, England, Italy, etc., are beginning to drop off numerically, and the communities hold out chiefly by virtue of the contributory stream of immigrants from the East. The Jews of Morocco, Egypt, and Turkey die in great numbers of disease. And the birth rate of the Jews in Eastern Europe—in Russia, Poland, etc., has fallen off considerably. The quantitative growth of the Jews in Europe is not merely at a standstill; it is actually retrogressing; the Jewish portion of the population is rapidly decreasing. Still worse is the condition of Eastern Jewry with reference to quality. As a consequence of living in ghettos, insufficiency of food and fresh air and enforced occupation in unhealthy professions, the Jews of Eastern Europe have long been behind the rest of the population in physical development. This came to light everywhere through the comparison of conscripts for the



OZE "Health Home"

of all prospective mothers and their babies. Those who give birth at home are visited by the Jewish mid-wives and the children are thereafter examined in the clinics, where the mothers receive advice, and, in case of need, are provided with pasteurized milk. To those visited are distributed printed sheets or brochures containing information for women about to become mothers. All *OZE* publications are printed in Yiddish, and are in a very simple and lucid style. Moreover, they are illustrated. With reference to the feeding of small children of from one to five years, *OZE* issues a brochure in Yiddish by the well-known specialist, Dr. Tugendreich.

Give Much Attention to Schools

All branches of the *OZE* give much attention to the schools. In Kovno, the capital of Lithuania, for instance, all the Jewish children in the primary schools are examined by *OZE* doctors; the sick are turned over to specialists, the weak and others in need of attention are put under the special observation of the school doctors and the nurses. The remaining children are also periodically examined, weighed and measured so as to see to it that they develop normally. In addition, the school doctors look after the sanitation and general physical welfare of the schools and promote the introduction of courses in gymnastics. In some cities, where the war and famine have left many children in a run-down physical condition it has become necessary to give special courses in curative gymnastics. For children of school age the *OZE* issues a series of printed sheets and brochures. It has distributed, within the last three years, 121,000 copies of these.

Much attention is also given to the development of a sport movement among the youth which, for the Jewish ghetto dwellers, has a far greater significance than for any other group. The conditions of life in crowded cities,

in damp and dark quarters, make urgent the need for building public playgrounds for children, the organization of part and full-time colonies for school children, where they may at least breathe fresh air, play and eat during the summer months. These summer institutions, built everywhere by branches of the *OZE*, do much both physically and pedagogically. Here the children not only improve, but acquire a knowledge of hygiene. During the summer of 1927 the *OZE* and the *TOZ*, its subsidiary organization, accommodated many thousands of children. The need in that respect

needs only to a limited extent. In other districts there is still much unfinished work.

Activities Spread Throughout Near-East

The activities of the *OZE* have by degrees been spread to more and more countries. Last year the *OZE* undertook to work in Bulgaria. And it is planning, in the course of time, to penetrate into the other *Sephardic* communities, where the sanitary conditions are extremely bad. In places where the *OZE* has already worked for a long time, considerable success has been attained.

The death rate of children in these communities has been reduced to the proportion that prevails in the best quarters of Berlin and London.

In Kovno there is "a house of health," under the direction of Dr. C. G. Frumkin, which has ambulatories, gymnasiums and baths, and sets the standard for all of Lithuania. But even here there is still need of much work for the physical uplifting of the Jewish population, for the eradication of



Playground in Kovno

is very great; but because of limited means, only a portion of the children are taken from the cellars into the fresh air. Very often the *OZE* publication, "Air and Water," brings tears to the eyes of many children who were not fortunate enough to be taken to the colonies or the playgrounds.

A special problem of the *OZE* branches appears to be the fight against contagious diseases, particularly favus and ringworm. Thanks to the help of the Joint Distribution Committee the *OZE* has been able to build "rentgenovie" stations for the curing of favus, and as a result of a systematic campaign, the spread of these diseases has been considerably checked.

Far worse is the condition with reference to the spread of tuberculosis. Several tuberculosis dispensaries established by the *OZE* fulfill the existing

the scars of the medieval ghettos and for the healing of the wounds of war.

Oze Conducts Many Institutions

During the year 1927 the branches of the *OZE* conducted the following institutions: 46 school medical centers with an attendance of 20,850; 44 ambulatories accommodating 330,840 persons, and 21 summer colonies with 2,045 children—besides a number of special undertakings, such as clinics for mothers and infants, "rentgenovie" stations, tuberculosis dispensaries and so forth. Popular publications in Yiddish have been given out to the extent of 799,000 copies. For the intellectuals the central union issues a journal in Berlin, called *OZE-Rundschau*, and for the masses a journal called *Folks-Gesunt* is published in Vilna.

The Jewish Spirit in a New Theatre

By Israel Auerbach



HE establishment of the Moscow Jewish Theatre is the second important event in the history of Jewish drama which has happened in Europe in recent years. The first one was the organization of the Habima. An inwardly complete union of the most modern art with ancient speech, it won the respect and praise of even those who are not wont to look with favor upon Jewish undertakings. Now, with the Yiddish Granowsky Troupe, a second flourish of a somewhat similar nature comes from the East. If the former was a manifestation of the Hebrew renaissance the latter is a revelation of the little understood East European Jew, bringing out with moving verisimilitude the appeal of his appearance, his voice and gesture, the tragedy of his existence, the enormity of his obligations, the comedy of his helplessness, and the grotesque confusion arising from a conglomeration of all these elements. The Habima was the Jewish theatre of the romantic past and heroic future; Granowsky's is the theatre of the Jewish present, of that terrible moment when the things of yesterday are about to fall into ruin and those of tomorrow are struggling to arise from the chaos.

Both undertakings came into being with the Russian Revolution—in accordance with the old, mysterious law of our history, that always prepares new elements for our continued life, when those still in force are threatening to perish—giving birth to a new Jewish art at the moment, when the Jewish religion, until now the chief concern of the Jewish masses, seems—in Soviet Russia—doomed. How much of this religion itself, of the essentials which lie at the root of its being, have entered into this art time alone will show. It exists tangible and acknowledged in the Habima. And in the Granowsky Troupe it also lives even though the moving spirits of that Troupe may not be aware of it.

Had Both Easier and Harder Time Than Habima

The Moscow Jewish Theatre had both an easier and a harder time of it than did the Habima: a harder time, because it was not like the Habima a new, radical, original creation, unhampered by a past, but had to over-

come and discard a poor, inartistic past; an easier time, because it found at hand a number of elements with which to rebuild itself.

Born in 1890 in Moscow, reared in Riga, enriching his inner development in Munich and St. Petersburg, Alexander Granowsky came forward with his great idea at the outbreak of the Russian Revolution, the idea of a modern theatre for the East-European Jew. He lacked just about everything necessary to carry out his plan: a building, money, plays, a language, a style, actors—but he started. In 1917 he issued a call in the Russian papers



Alexander Granowsky

for young people under twenty-seven, who wished to play in Yiddish. They came together from all corners and recesses of the land, even from abroad, right through the Russian cataclysm, through hunger and wretchedness, into the dangerous city of Petrograd, then bleeding from war and revolution. Not actors, merely laymen; for Granowsky accepted only untrained persons, because they were still unspoiled. With this small, fearless company the *Jewriskaja Teatrlnaja Studia* (Jewish Theatre School) opened. Five months of severe self-sacrificing labor behind locked doors made the beginning.

Had to Find a Style

After finding the people he had to find a style—the style for the changed Eastern world, for the upheaval in

Jewish life, for the entirely new sense of existence; the style, at the same time, for these individual persons and their deep-rooted, essential, unchangeable Jewish character. This style had to be embodied in everything; in the stage setting, in the scene building, in bodily posture, gesture and movement, in costume and the facial mask, in speech and silence, in the music, the rhythm, the repertory and in the spirit. Only by repeated efforts and by gradual development could this style be developed; countless experiments had to be made, dropped, or carried further, until the goal was attained.

The easiest part was that of the scenic arts; for painting, technical skill and mechanics were and are the property of all mankind. The matter of language was more difficult. Yiddish had to be tried out for the acoustic properties of its sound on the stage, had to be purified, modulated, ennobled, if it was to have a tonal value equal to that of the other languages used on the stage. New discoveries also had to be made for gesture and movement; the artificial, worn-out posing gestures of the old theatre could not be employed here, but only those evolved from the real soul of the Jewish speech and action. The mask had to help intensify and deepen the expression, and in modeling the masks Granowsky entered revolutionary paths, which, strangely enough, seem to lead back to the mask technique of the old classical Greek theatre.

Intensification of Expression Basic Formula

Intensification of the expression may perhaps be considered the basic formula for Granowsky's stagecraft. For this the self-expression of the individual actor was not sufficient; all around him on the stage had to do their utmost toward the effect. Never does an emotion or an event reflect itself in a single face, a gesture in a single body, but the entire ensemble also lives it and expresses it with a fullness of kaleidoscopically varying, yet fundamentally harmonizing sounds and gestures. The result is composite acting at every moment, alive in a hundred different ways and yet a unified whole. The scenery, as compared with the old theatre, is extraordinarily expanded by opening up the stage in all dimensions;

no longer only the floor of the stage, but also the vertical dimension is exploited by the erection of numberless steps, staircases and ladders, the value of which at first seems incomprehensible to the unaccustomed spectator, but which vary and enliven the picture endlessly.

Rhythm Attained by Free Use of Music

Group rhythm is attained by the free use of music. No theatre in the world, except the opera or the operetta, has made equal use of music. It controls the movements, it beats the time for word, gesture, step, leap and dance, even for the intervals of silence; it beats the time for the easily flowing or madly whirling and tumbling action. And one word about Granowsky's illusion of primitiveness. It is the very opposite of former stage practice. No complicated and envolved technique, no mechanical wheels, no circular or transforming stage, no disappearing floors, no moving pulleys, no naturalistic paraphernalia! One small, suggestive motion, one sometimes seemingly useless fragment of a thing, a pantomimic fumbling in empty space with invisible objects—this produces an astonishing illusion of reality, much stronger than the always unsatisfactory detailed effort to imitate and materially represent reality. One is not deluded in the least, but is led, half-smiling wherever the fancy or the phantastery of the action wills.

What about the effect? One word describes it: extraordinary! This is not a theatre, this is a super-theatre, overwhelming, resplendent, from the rising to the dropping of the curtain: depicting, telling, singing, dancing a life translated into greatness. This

theatre makes strong and unexpected demands on its audience. If on the old stage everything often seems heavy-footed, lagging behind one's own imagination and the ecstasy of the poet, this new stage outstrips them both and carries us along, breathless. It is not easy to sit in Granowsky's theatre, and by no means easy to comprehend what is going on. His effects are so unexpectedly novel, so manifold, so cinematographic in their rapid succession, that we cannot at once, the very first time, adjust ourselves to it. Only he who has become acclimated to its super-tempo through repeated, sympathetic attendance, receives from it a complete and rich enjoyment.

Overemphasized Reality Is Jewish

The Jew gets the most out of this enjoyment, because this theatre is Jewish; the non-Jew is more apt to be astonished and objectively enchanted. Its overemphasized reality is in every essential Jewish; in the physique, costume, and mask of the players, in the manner, tempo and rhythm of the movements, in the sound, intonation and meaning of the words and dialogue, in the musical accompaniment, which is nothing more than artistically worked-out *nigun*, and in the very overemphasis. One thing alone is not

always Jewish—that is the play itself. But without doubt, when an adjustment has been made in this respect also, the unity of style, play and effect will be perfect.

* * *

Alexander Granowsky's greatest difficulty was in the selection of a repertory, as was the case also with the Habima. What has come down from former times furnished but indifferent material for the performances



Binjomin and Sender

and was of no use at all for the basic studies of the Troupe. The company practiced on the strangest and queerest pieces. They started with Maeterlinck's "Les Aveugles" (The Blind). Why? Because it had no action and therefore permitted concentration on single and group postures, on word, tone, and soul mimicry. Next use was made of Sholom Asch's dramas "Suende" and "Ammon and Tamar." With the presentation of these two pieces in the summer of 1919 in the "Small Theatre" (formerly the Theatre Suworin) in St. Petersburg, Granowsky's experiments graduated from the elementary school. Success justified transference to the Jewish Chamber Theatre—chamber in this case denoting laboratory. On November 20, 1920, the young theatre was moved to Moscow, where it was installed in the tiny Chagall Hall, with a seating capacity of not more than ninety, but decorated by none other than Marc Chagall.

Change in Repertory Important

More important than the change in place and name was the further change in repertory. Now Granowsky struck the golden rock of Jewish folk art, and found Sholom Aleichem. His writings, to be sure, were not in drama



A Typical Scene

form, but sketches, that is, miniature epics; but Granowsky brought out the innate drama through his masterly adaptations.

Like a revelation was the Sholom Aleichem Evening, which opened the first Moscow season with three one-act plays; "Agenten," "S'a Ligen," and "Maseltov." The subjects were folk-loristic, simple, and unproblematical, but the life represented was so genuine and the types so characteristically Jewish that the most eminent members of the company, Michoels and Suskin, now discovered their true element, and began to attract attention.

But after that, in groping for suitable material, there came a relapse into the literary manner. They played "Morgendaemmerung," by Waite, an ambitious poet who fell as an early victim of the pogroms, and Sholom Asch's trump piece, "Gott Fon N'kom-meh." Granowsky played it in a totally new manner, not simply as the customary tragedy, but as a tragic grotesquerie, and thus made tolerable the intolerable elements in this work. On April 9, 1922, Granowsky's Troupe established itself in the Romanowka, a concert hall seating five hundred, especially adapted for its use, and thereby passed from an experimental to a full-fledged theatre. Again they opened in the West-European manner with "Uriel Acosta," which like its author is German in technique, but at least Jewish in subject matter. It marked great progress in the work of the company, but did not win the favor of the public. Granowsky kept on seeking.

He now sought the Jewish element from within, from life, language and spirit. Then he came upon Goldfaden, the forgotten, his unique "Trauerspiel mit Gesang und Tanz" (Tragedy with Song and Dance) and the operetta "The Witch." The latter piece could not be used as it was, but Granowsky was accustomed to adapting plays, and he found in Liwakow and Dobruschin intelligent, sympathetic collaborators on the text, in Achron a recreator of the witch music, in Isaac Rabinowitz, an able and inspired builder and painter. The result, a "Play according to Goldfaden," proved a musical grotesque, the most characteristic expression of Granowsky's method in setting and movement, in the whirl of groups and masses—a new manifestation in the theatre, and one of Granowsky's greatest triumphs.

Looked for Phantastic Life

After the master had so successfully completed the phantastic legend, for such "The Witch" was, he looked around for phantastic life. He found it in Sholom Aleichem's tale, "Der Groisser Gewinnst," out of which he made the comedy "Two Hundred Thousand." Here, in the real life of the ghetto, intensified only in the interest of art, his theatre shows its distinctive character, holding up a true mirror to his people. And here he also showed his teeth. "Two Hundred Thousand" is the first social-revolutionary drama. It reduces to absurdity the hollowness of the well-fed bourgeoisie, and confronts them with the awakening conscience of the lower classes—all in a joking comedy manner; but one gets a foretaste of what may happen if things should take a serious turn. The piece was greeted with tumultuous applause. It has all the good points of "The Witch" in a simpler, more comprehensible form.

After all this hard labor and achievement the company deserved some recreation and it was found in some of Sholom Aleichem's light pieces. More seriously, deliberately, and even sombrely the Troupe returned to the legitimate drama. "The Night on the Old Market Place," by J. L. Perez, with music by Krain, was played so as to express the overwhelmingly tragic fate of the Jews. Here music and silence together brought forth a terrible nightmare, in which the old Jewish world breaks down and vanishes under the assaults of modern times. Tremendous is the symbolism of this deeply revolutionary play, tremendous the means by which it is expressed. From here on Granowsky consistently and undeviatingly pursues the social theme, a matter of course in the Russia of today. Goldfaden's "Das Zehnte Gebot" in his hands becomes a satirical revue of decayed bourgeois Europe; "One Hundred and Fifty Children's Homes," by Wiwerki, sets forth in positive form one of the most urgent problems of the East. Both pieces, however, were failures. But with "Truadec," a purely French work by Jules Romain, he produced a dramatic social satire with marked success.

Peak of Granowsky's Achievement

The peak of Granowsky's achievement is the most recent production of the company, "Binjamin dem Dritten's Reise," adapted from Mendeley Mocher Sforim. Here the master has returned

from his search and discards all experimentation. He forsakes strange lands, peoples, and literatures, does not stand preaching between antagonistic classes, forgets all extravagance and symbolism. He returns simply to his people and sings them their song; and this song becomes a deep and touching symphony of homely humanity. The subject of the play is the homing instinct of the race and the destruction of it by reality. One does not know whether the instinct is laughed at or glorified. It is the most charming playfulness of Jewish dream life, laughter and tears. The stage is of a color, a reality, and a dreamy genuineness that seemingly cannot be surpassed. The music by Achron expresses in tone the mystical, longing, homesick soul of the ghetto people. The characters of Binjamin and Sender (Michoels and Suskin) are charming, touching, unforgettable. The directing is striking and resourceful, and yet profoundly simple. Nothing further is desired by eye, ear or soul.

Was the success of "Binjamin dem Dritten's Reise" so great because it is a genuine Jewish play—not only in the person of the actors and the means of expression, but also in subject matter? It would almost seem so. But one must be cautious in the presence of a wizard like Alexander Granowsky and his able performers. Who knows?—such admirable abilities may achieve quite different things.

If they will only keep together.

America will see them. May America make no attempt to separate them!

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Anti-Climax

By A Country Rabbi



HANK God, the holidays are over," ejaculated my wife, as we two lingered in the temple after the handful of women and children had left at the conclusion of the morning services on *Sh'mini Atzereth*. And not to leave too much to my imagination as to the motive and meaning of her outburst, she emphatically added, "Such a congregation is an insult rather than an honor to the Lord." My answer to this just indignation of my spouse was a deep sigh. I have formed a habit of wedging in a few moments of silence between my wife's arguments and my answer. These vacant seconds serve as a sort of buffer to her attacks and take up the heat, if not the force, of her verbal blows.

"You ought to be used to it by this time," I answered mildly. "This anticlimax, in which our majestic holidays end, repeats itself with unfailing regularity year after year."

"The oftener I witness this travesty," my wife sharply retorted, "the more I am outraged. You ought to do away with services on this day." "Well," I said in a conciliatory tone, though deeply feeling the tragedy of the situation, "Mrs. Simon alone made the holding of services worth while. You know that this pious soul, though reared and steeped in Orthodoxy, attends with her young grandchildren every service of the temple, in the hope that the decorum and dignity of the Reform mode of worship and the orderliness of the Sabbath School may hold her children's children to the moorings of Judaism. You cannot measure a congregation by numbers." "You are right," was my wife's final rejoinder. "This morning's congregation could only have been measured through a magnifying glass."

Thus, like all religious disputes, our verbal sparring ended in a draw. Yet in my heart of hearts, I could not help but admit that my wife had the better side of the argument. She pointed to a condition which turns the sublimity of our holidays into ridicule, and converts their solemnity into mockery. She touched upon a sore spot in our religious life that takes the joy out of the rabbi's work and gives his labors the aspect of Sisyphean futility. If the layman could but realize the stress and strain which these days exert upon the rabbi whose

soul is gripped by their "mighty holiness," and who approaches them in the earnest spirit of the ancient prophet's call, "Prepare to meet thy God, O Israel!" Never do I feel human impotence and insignificance as keenly as when standing at the base of these towering days that rear their majestic heads like giant mountain peaks against the sky, crushing me, puny mortal, with their sheer loftiness, and over-aweing me with their rugged beauty and austere simplicity. What message might one utter that would rise to the height of these days? In the words of the poet:

"What this frail heart dreameth
And my tongue's poor speech—
Can they even distant
To thy greatness reach?"

Every thought, no matter how striking and appropriate in itself, appears banal and trite in the fierce light of these days. No matter what painstaking preparation I make, I always feel on these days that, to repeat the much-used phrase, I speak because I have to say something rather than because I have something to say. Yet, the mysterious grip and the unaccountable influence which these days have even upon the callous Jew, place the heart of the congregation in a receptive and responsive mood, and, re-enforced by song and prayer, the rabbi's simple and sincere words of exhortation, lift the worshippers to a height of true devotion. I may be under a delusion, but it is my cherished conviction that even American Israel, with all its religious laxity, is moved to the core by the irresistible power of the holy days, and that the jubilant notes of the closing prayer of *Yom Kippur* find the American Jew in the lofty mood of true spiritual exaltation.

And the rabbi, despite the disappointing experience of the past, hopes against hope that, even though the congregation may recede somewhat from the spiritual attitude to which it soared during the holy days, it will never again sink into the valley of indifference in which it walked heretofore. He hopes that some of the stimulating effect of these days on the Jewish heart will remain with the congregation throughout the year, evoking from it greater loyalty and deeper devotion to our time-hallowed faith.

Unfortunately, *Yom Kippur* is barely over, when disappointment stares

the rabbi in the face. The *shofar* blast, with which the *Yom Kippur* services close, seems to presage his blasted hopes. Wall Street, when seized by the wildest panic, does not show such a violent break in prices of stocks and bonds as the drop that occurs in temple attendance after the holy days. The beautiful Feast of Tabernacles, which American Jewry, above all Jewries, ought to celebrate, inasmuch as this feast gave America its Thanksgiving Day,—thus proving the conquering power of the Jewish spirit by the invincible weapon of its inherent truth—has fallen into desuetude.

And while the argument I put up to my indignant wife, that a congregation cannot be measured by numbers, is true—for a Mrs. Simon or a Mrs. Chinski do outweigh in merit scores of effete women who sink their leisure in bridge—yet, a large and beautiful temple presents a tragic sight, if on the day of "holy convocation" four hundred and seventy-five of its five hundred pews stare vacantly at the rabbi. And this sight of desolation is the sorrier when you think that this low ebb of religious interest is registered less than a fortnight after the high tide of religious fervor that flooded the temple on *Yom Kippur*. And it is needless to say that this deplorable condition is by no means peculiar to my congregation, but is a country-wide evil. Of course, weighing the matter in the balance of logical thought, one finds this sudden slump in religious interest natural with the American Jew. Were he to cultivate his religious faculties throughout the year, the sustained effort on the holy days would not exhaust him. But to essay such a steep flight of the soul as *Yom Kippur* calls for, without adequate training and preparation, is bound to be a futile attempt and must inevitably result in failure.

In telling my spouse that she ought to be used to the anti-climax in which our holy days end, I know I was asking of her the impossible. One cannot get used to the turning of faith into farce, and the degrading of religion into an emotional spree. This perversion of Judaism crushes the rabbi's heart and crumples the wings of his soul, and he wonders at himself that, in the face of this apathy and hypocrisy, he can keep up his courage and carry on.

The Printed Page

EVERYDAY JEWISH LIFE

The Ghetto Messenger, by Abraham Burstein. (Bloch.)

"THE Ghetto Messenger," Abraham Burstein's collection of sketches, must have read delightfully enough when presented as one of the Sunday features of the *Jewish Daily News* of New York. But humorous stories often lose much of their original flavor when a great number of them are read at one time.

Abie, the hero of sixty of these stories, is a really original figure. A loyal Jew with characteristically Jewish humor, his activities as a messenger boy bring him in touch intimately with the tragedies and comedies of life on New York's East Side. Unfortunately our author is not remarkable in his portrayal of character; and it is on their character delineation that these very slight sketches must mainly depend. Of all the figures presented, Abie is the only one clearly seen and remembered. The situations on the whole are good; but the Irishman who delights in synagogue chants, the official who hates Jews and makes no bones about it and all the rest of the company need to be drawn in bolder colors. The Jewish characters are a little better; but even they lack the vividness and sparkle necessary to make them live and move before the mind's eye of the reader.

Still there is much in the book that is interesting. And the many who enjoyed following the exploits of Abie in the *Jewish Daily News*, Sunday after Sunday, will be glad to live over with him once more those multifarious experiences of his.

ELMA EHRLICH LEVINGER.

* * *

JUSTICE VS. LOVE

Justice and Judaism, by Maxwell Silver. (Bloch.)

RABBI MAXWELL SILVER'S prize essay of 1917, when he was a student at the Hebrew Union College, proves an interesting and valuable contribution to the study of Jewish ethics. It contrasts the importance of justice with the importance of love as a principle. The author examines the problem first from the standpoint of psychology, then of ethics, then of the history of the Jewish thought; and finally contrasts the Jewish emphasis

of justice with the Christian stressing of love as the guiding motive in life.

"Israel, making justice the supreme principle in man's social life, has done so because of its strong this-worldliness and its supreme passion for the rearing of a just and free and peaceful social order on earth, and because of its intelligent and strong conviction that only through the fundamentalizing of the principle of justice can such a desired social order be accepted."

This the theme of the entire book—this together with the contrast with Christianity, its other-worldliness and its doctrine of love.

LEE J. LEVINGER.

* * *

EXPLAINING THE KADDISH

The Kaddish: Its Power for Good, by Rev. Dr. Joseph Schick. (Memorial Publishing Company, New York.)

THIS little book aims to be "a treatise on the *Kaddish*, with particular reading matter selected from the Bible and other sacred sources, which every Jewish home stands in need of." In his foreword, the author further explains that his work is not to be confused with the various prayer books for mourners which are on the market. His purpose, then, appears to be twofold: first, to present a historical and psychological study of the *Kaddish* and, second, to provide some edifying thoughts pertinent to the subject of *Kaddish*. Both objects are achieved with a degree of success.

The book's chief value derives, however, from the fact that in it one finds a good compilation of interesting quotations taken from sacred sources. And as a popular study of the *Kaddish* it probably hits the mark. But the book is so clearly written from the Orthodox Jewish viewpoint that it will undoubtedly prove unpalatable to many; and that is unfortunate.

The style of the author is simple and direct but often infelicitous. The critical reader will be disconcerted by some unfortunate typographical errors. However, I feel sure that the author did not intend his little treatise for the hyper-critical: one's attitude in reading a work of this sort must be generous and sympathetic. To approach the book in an irreverent or cynical frame

of mind would be to make impossible any proper appreciation.

Still there is this to be said. The *Kaddish* is one of the most solemn rituals we have in Judaism; but its basis is purely sentimental in nature. And any effort to rationalize or justify it appears to me to be quite unnecessary and futile. The book under review represents such an effort. For this reason especially does it fail to enthuse me.

RALPH ALFRED HABAS.

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TABLOID REVIEWS

Anthology of Yiddish Poetesses (in Yiddish), Edited by E. Korman. (L. M. Stein, Chicago.)

THIS distinctively printed volume contains 360 poems—the work of 70 poetesses—part of them being selections from the early Yiddish literature of the 16th to the 18th century, and the remainder being selections from the period beginning with 1888. A number of photostat copies of old manuscripts are inserted. And there are illustrations by Todros Geller. The introduction by Mr. Korman, the editor, casts light on the but little appreciated role women have played in the development of Yiddish literature.

* * *

Lamentations, by Alter Brody. (Coward McCann.)

THE four little plays which make up this volume are unsentimentalized episodes of everyday life on the East Side of New York. Mr. Brody has with rare skill and sure touch brought out the significant which is innate in the seemingly insignificant, and he has caught the beauty which to the seeing eye is apparent even against the most sordid background.

These dramatized incidents, these little conversations—for that is what they really are, will ring familiar to anyone who knows the life of Yiddish-speaking Jews. And in writing them Mr. Brody has, besides all else, made a contribution to the English language by bringing into it both the rhythm and the authentic idiom of Yiddish.

In the Public Eye

Mordecai M. Kaplan

IN VARIOUS ways the Zionists have of late been strengthening their position in this country. A notable



Mordecai M. Kaplan

move along this line was the recent selection of Dr. Mordecai M. Kaplan as Chairman of the Administrative Committee of the Zionist Organization of America.

Dr. Kaplan is a distinguished rabbi who has for a number of years been prominently active in Jewish communal, cultural and educational endeavor in the United States. Moreover, he has long been a champion of the Zionist ideal. He was the founder, and is today the moving spirit of the Society for the Advancement of Judaism. And he is a professor at the Jewish Theological Seminary of New York. Rabbi Kaplan is the author of "A New Approach to the Problems of Judaism" and he is a member of the American Jewish Committee.

* * *

Albert Ottinger

IN 1916 Oscar Straus was the Progressive candidate for Governor of the State of New York. But this year



Albert Ottinger

is the first time that a Jew has ever been nominated for that office by one of the regular parties. That honor has fallen to Attorney General Albert Ottinger. At its convention a few weeks ago, the Republican party of the State of New York chose him as its candidate for the Governorship.

Mr. Ottinger, who is a prominent Ben B'rith, was educated at the New York University and the New York University Law School. He has been engaged in general law practice in New York since 1901. He was a member of the New York State Senate in 1917 and 1918. Having been appointed Assistant to the Attorney General of the United States by President

Harding, he was given charge of important litigation in the interests of the Government and argued before the United States Supreme Court. He was elected Attorney General of the State of New York in 1924 and re-elected in 1926.

It is a remarkable coincident that Attorney General Ottinger celebrated his fiftieth birthday only a few days before he was chosen to be the standard bearer of the Republican party in his State.

* * *

Herbert H. Lehman

IF THE next administration of the State of New York doesn't have a Governor of the Jewish faith it will

at least have a Lieutenant Governor who is a Jew. For Herbert H. Lehman has been chosen by the Democrats of the State of New York to be the running mate of Franklin D. Roosevelt, their candidate for Governor, in this

year's election. And that is the second high honor which has come to Mr. Lehman within the past few months. Not so long ago he was made Chairman of the finance committee of the Democratic party's present national campaign.

However, the winning of honors is not a new experience to Mr. Lehman. He has for many years been prominent in both general and Jewish public life. And his services and achievements have been recognized and acclaimed.

He entered the army in the World War as a Captain in the Ordnance Corps and came out a Colonel of the General Staff. And he was awarded the Distinguished Service Medal in 1919. He is a Director of several large banking and business firms. He is a Trustee of the Henry Street Settlement and of the Hebrew Sheltering Guardian Society of the Bureau of Social Research of New York. He is Vice Chairman of the Joint Distribution Committee, Chairman of the Agro-Joint, Vice President of the Palestine Economic Corporation and a Director of the Welfare Council of New York City and of the Child Welfare Committee of America.



Herbert H. Lehman

Bernard K. Marcus

SCHOLARS, statesmen, communal leaders and men prominent in the business world—2,000 of them—came together on September 18th to honor Bernard K. Marcus, a highly successful young banker who is an actively public spirited citizen in the fullest sense of that term. Mr. Marcus is President of the Bank of the United States and he plays an influential part in various philanthropic, civic and educational institutions and enterprises of New York City.

He has long been active in the work of the Federation for the Support of Jewish Philanthropic Societies. He is Treasurer of the Beth Israel Hospital and a Director of the Jewish Center on West 86th Street.

* * *



Bernard K. Marcus

Gedaliah Bublick

GEDALIAH BUBLICK, President of the Mizrahi Organization of America, noted publicist and orator, played a prominent part in the world conference of the Mizrahi which was held recently in Danzig.

After having received a thorough Jewish education in Russia, his native land, Mr. Bublick came to this country; and in 1904 he joined the staff of the *Jewish Daily News*. In 1915 he became Editor-in-Chief of that paper, holding the position until the *Daily News* was absorbed by the *Morning Journal*.

Mr. Bublick has always been a staunch advocate of Orthodox Judaism. He was one of the organizers of the *New York Kehillah* and later its outstanding opponent. He has played a prominent part in the American Jewish Congress, and he was one of the founders of the Mizrahi Organization of America.



Gedaliah Bublick

News in Views



Ostjuden

THE United Artists of Berlin held an exhibit recently showing the new tendencies in painting, among which were quite a number of pictures of Jewish character. Photos above and to the right are representative examples of the works exhibited.

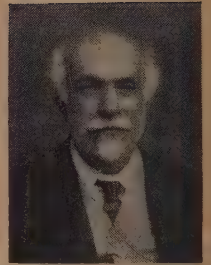


Thoraverhör



Sabbath

TO the right is Professor Bogaras Tan, a distinguished scholar and renowned writer of Russia who is visiting the United States as a delegate from the Russian Academy of Science to the International



Congress of Americanists. Dr. Bogaras Tan is known as the King of the Chukolsk Tribe, one of 45 tribes inhabiting the extreme north of Russia. Bogaras Tan is well versed in the languages of all of these tribes, having learned them during his exile in Siberia. The Soviet Government maintains a special department in Leningrad University for the higher education of these lesser races. There are 300 students now preparing for the leadership of these tribes.

⑤

TO the right is a view of the new building of the Hebrew University on Mt. Scopus which is now in the process of construction. This building will house the new library of the University. Dr. Judah L. Magnes, formerly of New York, is Chancellor of the Hebrew University.



⑥

THE group to the left, are Jewish boys who attended the Citizen's Military Training Camp at Ft. Leavenworth, Kansas. Rabbi Sarasohn of Ft. Leavenworth is seen standing in the center of the back row.

⑦



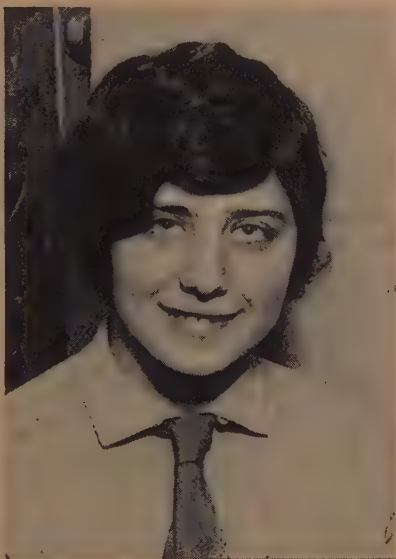
International Photo

ABOVE is shown the exterior of the new \$1,000,000 Unity Synagogue of New York City which was formally opened with special services. Rev. Dr. Henry A. Schorr, Rabbi of the Congregation, officiated. Among the notables present was Mayor Jimmy Walker. The Synagogue has an auditorium with a seating capacity of 1,000 persons.

ESTHER DAVIS of New York City, to the right, won the first prize in the recent national Young Judaea Oratorical Contest on the subject, "Palestine and American Jewry," in which more than three hundred young people participated. She will be awarded a free trip to Palestine and back.



ABOVE are some children of the Russian-Jewish Colonies on their way to school. Not every colony has a school of its own, and in some cases, the children have to walk miles to get an education.



Pacific & Atlantic Photo

BELOW is a group of prize winning Connecticut farmers in a contest which was open to all farmers in the United States. The prizes were awarded by the Jewish Agricultural Society. Eleven States were represented among the winners. Mr. Gabriel Davidson, General Manager of the Society, participated in the exercises when the awards were distributed.





Illustrated by Saul Raskin

Leathtor, Minn.
Monday, Jan. 5th.

Dearest:—

I had quite a busy day, today. The new month, and with it, the new year, are opening up nicely. I am very tired, and had hoped to stay in my room here at the hotel and go to bed early. But I remembered that tonight I have *yahrzeit* for father, so I am going out now to see if there is a synagogue here, and if not to see whether I can get ten men together for a *minyan* so that I may say *kaddish*. I shall write you from Lohming, my next stop, tomorrow.

Good-night, dearest. Much love.

* * *

Lohming, Minn.
Jan. 6th.

Dearest:—

I must tell you what happened last night and today. It's the strangest story.

Last night I had *yahrzeit* for father—you remember I wrote you that. I found a synagogue in Leathtor, an old frame structure that had evidently been built many years ago. It was time for the evening service, but the perpetual light, burning faintly above the cabinet that held the Scrolls of the Law, was the only sign of life in the dim, cavernous room. Even the old man drowsing in a corner nearest the window, bent over a book, twice his age, seemed dead. As I held the door open, trying to accustom my eyes to the gloom inside, a gust of wind from the west almost extinguished the

light over the "Ark." It flickered, then rallied, and as I entered and closed the door, burned steadily again.

It took some time to arouse the old man. I told him what I wanted. At the mention of the word *kaddish* his eyes and face lighted up with what seemed to be unholy glee, all out of keeping, to my notion, with the thought of death.

When I finished speaking a torrent of words, half Yiddish, half English, came from him. He jumped to his feet, waved his hands about, became a new man.

"Surely, surely, we can get a *minyan* and you can say *Kaddish*," he told me. "I myself will go right away and get all the Jews together. It's a *mitzvah*. Come with me."

So we set out and went from store to store, asking the adult Jews of Leathtor to come to service. Within twenty minutes we had seen them all, and all had promised to be at the synagogue within the hour.

I noticed that the jubilation of my guide increased as each of Leathtor's Jewish men promised to come to the *minyan*. "You, you are lucky," he said to me time and again. "Yes, you are lucky, my friend. For me they do not come. No time—too much business, they say—and they tell me I am crazy. I don't have to say *kaddish*. You are lucky. Your father really died. Yes, you are lucky. For me they don't do that."

"What do you mean, I'm lucky my father died? And if you have to say

kaddish for someone, don't they come for you, too?" I asked him.

"No!" His glee of a few moments before had turned to rage. "No, they tell me I'm crazy to say *kaddish* for my boy. They tell me he isn't dead—and I tell them he is dead, he is dead. To me he is just as dead as if I myself had thrown the first and the last shovel of earth upon his coffin, six feet in the ground. I tell you he is dead. But these Jews here laugh at me, and tell me he is not dead."

"Why," I asked him, "is there any doubt of his death? Was he lost at sea, is he missing since the war, or what is it?"

"No, no, I wish it were so. He is alive, he lives near here. But he is dead—dead—anyway. Less than a year ago he married a *shiksah*, and moved away from here. He is dead, I tell you, and I must say *kaddish* for him. But here they laugh at me—they won't come to *minyan*. You, you are lucky, for you they come. And I am lucky tonight, too, because tonight I'll say *kaddish* for my son."

So the two of us said *kaddish* together, there in the little synagogue. And, dearest, I tell you, as I heard that old man's voice, rising tremulously and tear-laden from the musty gloom of that almost deserted House of the Lord, he seemed to become like one of the prophets of old, bemoaning not only his own sorrow, but the sorrows of all his people. Passionate, appealing, despairing, as he said the words of that ancient prayer they took on a

new meaning, and all the hopes and the misery, the joys and the heart-ache of all Jews of all times came into them. When he had finished a gloom descended over that little synagogue, deeper than any pall cast by the night's shadows. That old man had filled the very air of the place with utter futility and despair.

Immediately after the services the other men hurried away, but my old man and I lingered while he told me something of the decline of the Jewish community of Leathtor. He told me, too, of the building of the synagogue and the sturdy life that centered around it, years before. Finally, we, too, left the old man not even locking the door behind him.

"Nobody ever comes here now but I. Nobody will disturb this place until I come back tomorrow morning to sit and wait for the congregation that will not come." There was a sob in his voice, and a catch in my throat.

I went back to the hotel—a very nice hotel for such a little town. It was bright and cheerful and gay and I met a fellow I knew. But I was restless and nervous, and all through dinner kept thinking of that old man and his synagogue. I can't explain the impulse—but something drove me back to it. I wanted to see it again, to be inside it again, to see that perpetual light burning there in the east in spite of the winds that came from the west.

I found the door wide open, although I could have sworn that the old man closed it tight when we left. No wind was blowing, and I could see ahead of me the perpetual light over the "Ark" burning steadily.

It was about eight o'clock. The rear of the synagogue, near the door, was pitch black. The light of the moon streaming through the glass that formed a six-pointed star high in the east wall, was the only illumination. It lit up brilliantly a brass *menorah* that stood before the reader's desk, and in which two candles were burning. The sight of the *menorah*, symbol of

a living Judaism, gleaming in that place of dead Jewish hopes, gave me such a sense of religious awe as I had rarely before experienced.

I started to grope my way in, when out of the blackness there came a convulsive sob, then another and another, and in the intervals between them a woman's voice repeating over and over and over again "God, my God, some God! some God!"

That was all—first a sob, then that word, in heartrending appeal, over and over and over again. Then silence.

Through the darkness I found my way toward the front of the synagogue. I came within the space of light cast by the moon, up to a few feet from the

Now, now, now, is when I need a God, more than ever before. I haven't my God any longer. Something keeps me from his God. And in the story books they say, 'They lived happily ever after.' Ever after."

After a bit, she rose to her feet and walked wearily forward a few steps, then turned and groped her way slowly and painfully through the darkness.

For a brief moment I saw her face—beautiful, very, very beautiful, tear-stained, and with the marks upon it of an heroic struggle within her soul. A face that I shall never forget.

She must have hesitated at the door before going out into the street, for a sudden burst of tempestuous wind filled

the despair-laden air of the synagogue. The light above the "Ark" flickered and died. Outside the gathering storm clouds obscured the light of the moon and the synagogue was in complete darkness.

"Tomorrow morning," I thought, "my old man will have work to do in this synagogue. He will have to rekindle the light."

I hurried out into the storm, and ran through the downpour of rain and sleet to the hotel. The streets were deserted.

This morning I came here. The storm had passed with the night, and except for broken telephone wires I heard of no damage. I wondered what had happened to the woman of the synagogue.

All day long I was obsessed with the most peculiar feeling—a mixture of regret and loneliness, a sensation of striving for some unattainable treasure, mingled with grief for the loss of some precious gift. Pictures of the synagogue at Leathtor and what I saw there would not leave me.

Never so much as today have I wanted to be among Jews, feeling Jewish life, Jewish spirit, Jewish idealism throbbing and pulsating round me.

But here in Lohming there is no Jewish life, there are no Jews but one. I met him quite by chance, toward the end of the day



For a Brief Moment I Saw Her Face

menorah, but could distinguish no one in the place. Then before me on the floor I saw a woman, fallen forward on her knees. I was ready to lift her up, when she raised her body, and with her hands clasped on her breast before her, still on her knees, began to speak, her voice choked with suppressed tears, but lifeless, dispassionate.

She had evidently not heard me approach her, for she seemed totally unaware of my presence. Somehow I managed to find a seat in the shadows. I wanted to see the thing through—I could not leave.

"Now I suppose," I heard her say, "I must go through life without a God. Tonight I came here where his God is, trying to make his God my God. I don't seem to be able to. Why? Why? I must have a God . . . Now, especially.

You know I have only one account in Lohming—the Afred Jones Co. Usually I can get to see Jones early and leave Lohming on the noon train. Today, though, Jones didn't get down until late, and it was almost four o'clock before we finished our business. I started to stroll about town for a while before dinner, then planned on a movie afterward, trying to kill the hours until train time.

You can walk from one end of Lohming to another in half an hour. I started to walk—then stopped suddenly. Before me, gleaming in the dingy light of Lohming's main street in the late afternoon of mid-winter was a brilliant electric sign with the words "L. Wardell, Ladies and Misses' Furnishings." And the name "L. Wardell," repeated in bold Hebrew letters.

"How curious," I thought, "here in this little town to see such a display. I want to meet this Jewish Mr. Wardell."

I went into the store, and even before I had a chance to answer the greeting of the young man who came forward to meet me, I noticed that Hebrew words, spelled with Hebrew letters, formed the central figure in the decorative scheme. Above the frames of the full-length mirrors that lined the walls, over the panels of the sliding doors of the display cases, everywhere it seemed to me were Hebrew words.

By this time the young man was at my side. I introduced myself.

"I'm stuck here until eleven tonight. I thought I'd like to meet Mr. Wardell and have a chat with him. I'm Jewish, too. He must be a real Jew to advertise the way he does here. Most Jews in little towns forget they are Jews, or at least try to. He seems to want to remember it, and to let the whole world know it."

"I'm Wardell," he answered, "and you certainly struck it right. I do want the whole world, or at least as much of it as lives in and around Lohming to know I'm a Jew. I don't look Jewish and my name isn't Jewish. But I want them to know I'm Jewish."

By this time I had seen the Hebrew words throughout the store were names of men and women, biblical names, like Moses, Jacob, Sarah, Ruth and Leah, Isaac and Solomon.

We went to the back of the store and sat down in a little cubbyhole of an office and chatted. I was happy to be with such a Jew, who proclaimed his Jewishness to everyone, even though it was in such a strange manner.

"It's good to hear you talk," he said. "I never cared much for Jewish things until I settled here about a year ago, after my marriage. I used to live in Leathtor; my mother and father are still there. They have a synagogue in Leathtor. When I was a youngster my father taught me quite a bit about Jewish history. He was very religious. But I guess I've forgotten most of what he tried to teach me. I drifted away."

He was silent a long moment.

"I suppose," he said finally, "you're wondering about this display. These Hebrew names around here, my own name in Hebrew letters outside."

"I am wondering," I answered. "It seems a strange thing to do. In fact, to me it seems sort of sacrilegious—I mean these biblical names painted all over the woodwork of the store."

"It may seem sacrilegious to you," he answered. "To me these things are just the opposite. They mean religion, my religion. They are the only religion I can have here."

"Yes? How So?" Instinctively I felt a confession of some sort coming.

"Since I've been living here where there are no other Jews, no Jewish life, I have felt more and more strongly that I must have something

radius—getting ahead financially. Nothing to complain about from that end.

"But after we had settled here, opened the store and began to get on our feet—maybe you might say after the honeymoon days were over, something, I don't know what it was, made me long for the things which I used to see and know in my father's home. A feeling of having to show the world and myself that I was Jewish. And all that I myself remembered were those old names. So I had a young Jewish chap, a signpainter, who went through here last summer, paint those Hebrew names around the store where I can see them all day long. I had the sign made in Chicago. Somehow it helped, that little idea. What do you think of it?"

Before I had time to tell him what I thought of the idea, or to ask him why he could not renew his Judaism through his father and mother in Leathtor, he was called to the front of the store.

He came back in a few minutes, wrote out a check and gave it to a woman who was standing just outside the little office. He had pushed back the curtain that divided the office from the rest of the store, and



"It is the only thing I can do."

around me that represents things which are Jewish.

"I used to live in Leathtor," he told me again. "I came here about a year ago. Married a girl from this part of the country. Doing a nice business—best store within a 25-mile

I could see the woman's face and figure distinctly.

"That was my wife," Wardell said when she had gone. "She was in a hurry to get to the grocery, so I didn't introduce you now. Maybe you'll come

(Continued on Page 28)

A Jew Builds a House

By Henry G. Alsberg



HAD just finished reading Ludwig Lewisohn's latest introspection on the devastations of anti-Semitism; my digestion, naturally none too good, was in rather worse shape than usual, and my outlook on life decidedly bilious. I thought to myself that the state of my soul and consequently, of course, the souls of all my fellow Jews in North America corresponded very much to the picture drawn of us in Lewisohn's "The Island Within." What was the good, anyway, of trying to be cheerful and bright when burdened at birth with such patent and potent disadvantages? Of course, I had no specific complaints. "Some of my best friends are Gentiles;" and my own family, although still decidedly Jewish, is most kind, considerate and affectionate. But I somehow resented the fact (and the hot weather, no doubt had something to do with that as well as my digestion—or maybe the one thing induced the other—) that I had not been given the choice like Gilbert and Sullivan's hero, before being ushered into this vale of anti-Semitic tears, of whether I should be born of some other race, or of the Chosen People. I am sure, had I been given a free choice, I should have chosen to be what I actually am, if for no other reason than that I prefer Jewish cooking to any other. However, it was the absence of the right of free choice that disgruntled me, no doubt, and the warm weather.

My brother, an extremely practical person, now interrupted my introspection with: "What you need is some really creative work, combined with strenuous physical exercise. Why don't you build a house?"

He and his family have a little farm somewhere not too far from Columbus Circle, near a little hamlet where a branch of the K. K. K. formerly flourished peacefully side-by-side with a Jewish boys' camp. You can buy good sour rye bread and *bullitchkas* at the local grocery store, whose proprietor, I believe, was a Grand Kleagle or something of the sort. We were sitting on the porch of my brother's little "farm house," fighting a certain number of pogrom-minded mosquitoes, when the conversation referred to took place.

"I build a house? I, with my settled

convictions against owning anything? Don't I suffer enough now from hearing all my friends discussing their country houses, 'Early American,' 'Dutch Colonial,' 'Old English,' 'Spanish Mission,' 'Normandy Peasant' and what-not styles. And the talk about furnishing their houses, and the *shmoos* about their gardens, larkspur, coleoptera, flox, peonies, mulch, subsoil, topsoil spraying and so forth. I refuse to own anything—but my own free, untrammelled soul. . . . Where did you say there was a good building site?"

So we walked up a sort of a mountain, my brother owns, inaccessible to anything but aeroplanes and eagles, and when we got to the top, there was as good a view as Moses had when he looked down into the Promised Land, range on range of billowing, wooded mountains, and a lake of blue-black depths—and a sweeping breeze in spite of the heat below, that was balm to the spirit and peace to the soul.

"Here," quoth I, in emulation of scripture, "will I build me mine house."

"You haven't any water here," gently interposed my brother. "And remember everything will have to be hauled up by horses or by hand."

"That is just exactly the point. I'll be absolutely isolated here from all intrusion. Water we shall pump up from the brook below. The house I shall build with mine own hands. It shall consist of one large room, eighteen cubits long and fifteen wide, and shall have a fireplace and as many windows and doors and other openings as I can put into it. For wherefore doth a man build him a house on the top of a hill? Not only can a house that is builded on the top of a hill not be hid, but those that live therein are as in a watch-tower and can behold many things therefrom in all directions, if there be windows enough. For the ways of God with clouds and storms, sunrises and sunsets, and the slow travels of the moon in the night are wondrous indeed, and I am determined to miss none of them."

And so it was settled. And I began to build me a house. Everyone was very kind and helped a lot. My brother even drew up a plan and made a blueprint of it. There were estimates of the lumber needed. For the first time in my life I became

acquainted with such technical phrases, as "four-by-sixes," "siding," "up-rights," "tongue-and-groove" and what-not. At the very beginning it was plain that, although I would be the principal builder, I would have to have help. Even a one-room shack cannot be built easily with one pair of inexperienced hands. I lightly thought that some of my friends in New York, who had always boasted about skill with their hands, and whom I had helped in the work of getting their "little farms" into shape, would jump to my assistance. On being sounded, however, their jumps proved almost invisible and their enthusiasm very mild. One was just finishing a play for autumn production; another's wife I gathered was just then expecting an addition to the family; a third one developed heart trouble.

Thus I had to fall back on local and mercenary talent. A reliable stone mason was found, who knew all about fireplaces and chimneys, and a recently arrived German and his son volunteered at so much a day to repair the reputation of their countrymen for *furor teutonis* displayed in Belgium, by showing the constructive side of their national character in the building of my house.

I do not say that I builded that house or even the principal part of it with my own hands. I am very poor at all the mechanical arts. Since my boyhood I have been proverbial in the family as a good deal of a *schlehmie!* My three assistants regarded me with good-natured contempt—certainly at first. I confess that I did most of the "unskilled" labor. I hauled stones; I hauled lumber! I held boards while other people sawed or nailed them. How many of my readers can saw a board true and square? Certainly if the matter had been left to me, the house would have been decidedly on the bias, the chimney would have leaned like the tower of Pisa, and the doors would never have fitted the lintels. Nevertheless if sweat of the brow and other parts of the body counts in merit, that house is mine indubitably. For by my copious sweat was it builded. And as time went on, I grew in skill and dexterity; I got so that I could drive nails straight the very first time, and fit boards onto this or that part of the floor, roof or side;

I got so that I could lay field-stone on the chimney, and once, when I put in the frame for a window plumb and true, I thrilled to the word of praise from my old assistant: "That iss goot done; if you work hart you vill yet be a warhaftig carpender." This was my Ph.D. in the trade and I have hung it up, invisible to all but myself, over the fireplace.

And all the time the sun kept beating down on me and the air of heaven blew upon me, and the smell of the new lumber intoxicated me, and the tar in the roofing paper stung my nostrils as I climbed the roof at risk of my life, and my digestion improved, and with it my spirits and outlook on life, and the sorrows of the Jews dwindled in my mind daily. And when one day I heard the stone-mason and his assistant arguing about the Tunney-Heeny fight and prize-fighting in general, and I heard the young assistant remark, apropos of some Jewish prize-fighter: "Aw, he'll get licked sure. I never seen a Jew could fight an Irishman yet," I didn't scramble off the roof at once, and rolling up my sleeves, remind him of Mendoza, the British champion, of this one and that one who had been champion and Jewish. Nor did I even remind him that Spinoza was a Jew. The sky was very blue, the lake below sparkled, and somewhere nearby a thrush was singing very sweetly, and without the least *rishus*. So, somehow, it didn't seem to matter at all what the assistant stone-mason thought about "us Jews." The dinner gong sounded from way below, a welcome sound. I drove a final nail (straight), clambered down the roof-ladder, and went down the hill with my fellow-workmen, in quite good fellowship. Somehow, a good digestion colors the world in cheerful tints.

After a while, the house was finished. It is not the most beautiful shack ever built. In fact, I shall not send pictures of it to competitions for "The House Beautiful." Truth to tell, an architect friend of mine, who recently paid me a visit (it is surprising how all my friends who were writing plays and having babies, just about the time I needed help, have suddenly, since the house is finished, found leisure to stay over week-ends with me) says I just did all the wrong things in designing my shack. "But then," I answered, "if the house were perfect, there would be nothing else for me to do the rest of my life." In fact, I have enough work in prospect on this "finished" building to keep me busy and in health for several seasons, what with building terraces and retaining walls (the

house is set up on posts like those of a prehistoric lake dweller's abode, and I am reliably informed that unless I build retaining walls the unkind winter winds will blow the house over), planting gardens, vines and trees, adding a kitchenette, bathroom, etc., etc. My sister-in-law informs me that what I have is not a house at all, but just the core of what will be one later on. I suppose eventually a description of my country estate will read like some of the advertisements, "six masters' bedrooms and baths, banquet hall, outdoor swimming pool and conservatory, etc." Meanwhile, I have the satisfied feeling of having completed a job. I have builded me a house; it is finished, a triumphant witness of mechanical prowess and creative talent. It has acted as a soul purgative. It has earned me respect and interest from my neighbors. They drop in and discuss the achievement with me; they inspect it respectfully and seriously offer suggestions for future improvements. They even admire the view. They feel much as I do, that I have "made" something, that I am a poet in the old Greek sense, that I have engaged in a struggle with the inimical forces of inert matter, and have hewn them to my will; I have added a value to the assessed valuations of the countryside, a house where man may dwell and have refuge from the rude strokes of wind and weather, a fireside at which man may warm himself and find his comfort. In the end, what matters race or creed or previous condition of servitude? It is what a man creates that counts, and makes a man of him.

All of which does not mean that I intend to go on building shacks all the rest of my life. That would be to make the same mistake as Ludwig Lewisohn, who has spent a good part of his life writing in beautiful and musical English, about the unhappiness of Jews in an anti-Semitic world. But the lesson I have drawn, out of those sun-smitten days on the roof of my shack, is plain. The meat of life consists in the things we do, the things we create; the social contacts are the gravy, very pleasant when coming as an addition, but not the chief nourishment. We Jews ought easily to be able to do without the gravy, if need be, since we have since "time when memory of man runneth not to the contrary" been furnishing the world with so much of its real, solid food. That is one of the chief lessons the building of my shack taught; the other lesson is simpler. Jewish nerves are more delicate and more easily wrecked

than those of Gentiles. Good, hard work, that occupies the mind and excludes brooding, work with the hands that also requires mental concentration, will go a long way towards purging a Jewish soul of hypersensitivity. That is why I built me a house with my own hands; and that is, perhaps, also the mainspring of the whole Zionist movement. For which last remark, I certainly expect to be stoned to death in the good old manner.

EVER AFTER

(Continued from Page 26)

up to the house and have dinner with us?"

"No, thanks," I told him. "I must get back to the hotel and write to my wife. I have lots to tell her. Maybe some other time when I'm passing through again."

"All right, any time. We'll be glad to have you. Talking about news to write home, don't forget to tell your wife about the storm last night. It was pretty bad, and I had a terrible scare. I worked here in the store last night, and my wife took the car and drove up to Leathtor to visit a friend. She wasn't home when the storm broke, all the telephone lines between here and Leathtor were down and I couldn't get word through. I couldn't even get a car to drive up there. I was almost frantic, I tell you. But she drove up about half an hour after the storm began, a little wet and nervous, but all right otherwise. That was an anxious half-hour I spent."

"I don't doubt it," I said. "And I suppose it was just as dreadful for your wife."

I rose to go.

"You haven't told me yet what you think of my Hebrew words idea." He seemed strangely enough to be waiting with keen intensity for my answer.

"I suppose it's the best thing you can do under the circumstances." I tried to keep a note of sadness out of my voice. "I suppose it is the only thing you can do."

"It is the only thing I can do," he said.

On the way down the street I passed his wife. In the brilliance of a movie's bright lights I saw her face and figure more distinctly than before.

She was the woman I had seen in the synagogue at Leathtor. She was soon to become a mother.

All evening one phrase of her soul's outpouring last night haunted me—and will, I think, always haunt me with its deathless irony.

"They lived happily ever after—ever after."



Illustrated by Saul Raskin

By E. David Goitein

DO YOU know Al Guggenheim?"

"I do," I said.

"I mean the one from Boston."

"The very same."

"Have you heard?"

"No. What?" I asked.

"He's engaged."

"Allah be gracious unto him."

"Don't be flippant."

"To whom?"

"A girl from Palestine—from Haifa."

"Allah is merciful."

"Don't be irritating. It's most romantic. He went to Palestine last Passover—saw her once and couldn't get her out of his mind. He went back last month and now they're engaged."

"Poor fellow," I said.

That conversation took place in the morning. The afternoon of that very day I met my friend Lawson (I used to know him as Lowenstein).

"Have you heard the news?" he said.

"Yes. Plenty. What?"

"About Bobby Adler."

"He's gone mad on dog racing. Yes. I know."

"Not that."

"Well? What then?"

"He's engaged."

"He has my sympathy."

"Don't be cynical."

"Who's the lucky lady—as they say?"

"Don't know her name. She's a Palestinian. Lives in Tel Aviv."

"Oh ye gods!"

"Why? What's the matter?"

"Are not Abanah and Pharpar the rivers of Damascus better than all the waters of Israel?"

He did not understand my literary allusion. . . .

This is really the tail-piece of my article. I have put it at the beginning—as a sort of text. For the prevalent epidemic. . . . But never mind. You will understand. . . . Perhaps you have noticed, when we come back from Palestine we all write learned articles

about abstract subjects such as "The Relationship of Arab and Jew," "Communitistic versus Individualistic Settlement," and so on and so on. The really human side is apt to be left in the back-ground. I myself must plead guilty. When I wrote for the B'NAI B'RITH MAGAZINE some years ago a series of articles on the Holy Land—what did I deal with? Tel Aviv, the Arab Problem and the like. In this article, therefore, I am going to ask you to forget politics and sociology and psychology and meet the actual living people of a country which throbs with life. And I confine myself to the ladies, for, amidst the plethora of Palestinian articles, you will not find one in any language dedicated to them.

To begin with, a warning.

I will give the conversation first.

Myself: Are there only ladies in this colony?

She: There are no ladies.

Myself: You must be misunderstanding me.

She: I think not.

Myself: I have seen nothing but ladies—ladies over there attending to the cows, ladies working in the fields, ladies. . . .

She: You are quite mistaken. I tell you there are no ladies.

Myself: But. . . . But. . . . What about yourself?

She (blushing deeply): I am not a lady—I am a young woman.

You see—I was speaking Hebrew. I, naturally, used the word *nashim* for ladies but *nashim* is used in these days only for the married! So I warn you don't call an unmarried lady by any other term than *ze-ira*—a young woman. Or, dear man-reader, she might think you are proposing.

On Purim there is in Palestine a pleasant custom of choosing the most beautiful girl to play the part of Esther in a carnival. When she has

been chosen she is crowned and she rides through the streets amidst the cheers and chaste glances of the people who have chosen her. Last Purim Palestine chose a Yemenite girl to play the part of Queen Esther. Beautiful she was with all the wild beauty of the East. I have told in the B'NAI B'RITH MAGAZINE the story of the Yemenite girl who eloped with a *chalutz*. I heard recently—but I cannot vouch for its accuracy—a similarly romantic tale of a young Bokharan girl whom I will call Sarah. (Her real name was equally biblical.) There is the same mystery about the eyes of Yemenite and Bokharans, but the beauty of the one is not the beauty of the other. This is the story. A German artist, a Jew, was one day sitting painting on the roadside. He was sketching the road which runs from the Old City to Talpith. Sarah came by and wondering what a man could be doing sitting by the roadside on a little stool, walked up behind him and stared for quite a while at his work of art. It took her some minutes to see what it was he had painted but when she realized that she gave a happy laugh, clapped her hands and said, "Give it to me."

"Go away," said the artist without looking up.

"You are painting this roadway" she said—as if she had made a great discovery.

"Very clever of you to discover that," he said, piqued. And still took no notice of her.

"When will you finish it?"

"Don't know," he replied glumly.

"Will you be here when I come back?"

Then he looked up. He wondered who this persistent busybody could be. And when he looked up—well, he looked down again. And then he looked up at her again.

"You are a Bokharan girl?"

"What has that to do with you?" she flared out.

"Spit-fire," he said good-humouredly, "and how do you like my picture?"

"It is not bad," she said; "will you give it to me when it is finished?"

"Certainly not. I sell my paintings."

She said, "Do people pay for pictures?"

"Naturally."

"A man painted me once and hung my picture up in the *Ta'arucha*."

"If you will let me paint you—I will give you my 'Road to Talpioth.'"

"I must ask my mother," she said.

"Yes. Do that. Here is my card."

"Oh!" she said looking at it, "you are famous?"

He laughed but said nothing.

She said, "Don't forget your promise."

"A bargain's a bargain," he said.

She went away to the Old City singing and for a time he painted—but his heart was no longer on the Talpioth road. He was thinking at what angle he would paint the lady's face, he was thinking of the long eyelashes, of the unbelievably perfect skin of her light coffee-colored face, of her dancing, laughing eyes, of the poise of her head. . . . A few more minutes he toyed with Talpioth, splashing a dash of color here and splashing another streak of color there and then he got up to go.

He expected to see the girl the next day or the day after. She did not come. And he forgot about her. He went back to the Talpioth road. A month later as he was returning to his studio he saw a large group of people standing outside of it. A man with a long beard, a lady with a shawl over her head, two young men, a little girl about six and—waving her hand to him—the lady he had met on the Talpioth road.

"My mother," she said, "introducing her first and then the other members of the family; 'my dear father, my dear uncle, my dear cousin Reuwen, my dear, sweet little sister Abigail, and myself.'"

"I am very pleased to see you—all," said the artist, tickled.

"We have come," said the father, somewhat pompously, as if he were addressing a public meeting, "we have come to see what sort of a man you are. You have offered to paint the face of my daughter. We, I and my

family, wish to make sure that you are a proper person for the purpose."

"Just step into my studio. We can discuss the matter better, there."

And the good father cross-examined the artist as he had never been examined before. And then the mother continued the examination. Then the uncle put a few questions and lastly the girl herself made conditions. The artist, far from being angry, answered all their questions in the best of good humor. He liked their sincerity and their frankness.

"I shall bring my daughter to you," said the mother.

"Do that," said Gabriel Frank, the artist. I call him that, but that is not his name. "First sitting tomorrow."

"Good," said the father.

"Good," said the mother.

"Good," said the uncle.

"Good," said the cousin.



"You are painting this roadway. . . ."

And they all got up to go. They went.

Gabriel thought, "I will make a group of them. The mother, the father and the two daughters. Rembrandt would have enjoyed painting that girl." And once more, the thought of her took full possession of him.

Every other day for a fortnight she came to his studio, always accompanied by a member of her family. (May I break into the narrative to say that she was twenty years of age and quite capable of looking after herself?) At the last sitting, she came alone. And for a long time the artist did not paint one stroke. He stared and looked at her with his palette in one hand and his brush in the other. And then he looked from her to his painting. His ruddy face turned white, "Hideous,"

he said, "hideous. Bah! Look," he said to the girl. "I thought I was painting you—and look at the result."

"It is not bad," she said, simply.

"Not bad? It is monstrous. Ghastly. Ridiculous. Have you ever seen yourself in a glass? Do you look like that?"

"It will get better if you improve it," she said.

"It will get better—yes. But it will never look like you. You were cast from a mould which nature alone can make and that only once in a million years."

She did not understand what he was talking about.

"Why don't you go on painting?" she said.

"Yes. I will."

Greatly disheartened he went back to his work.

The painting was finished and it was hung in the annual exhibition at The Tower of David.

On the third day of the exhibition Sarah went to see herself. She was standing in front of the picture when Uri Fodor, a man who had been born in Russia and had studied art in Paris, came into the room. He looked first at her and then at the picture.

"Is that supposed to be you?" said Uri.

"Yes. Mr. Frank did it."

"Frank's an idiot. He's squeezed every ounce of vitality out of you. There's no life in the picture. You must let me paint you. Why! You're the loveliest girl in Palestine—and that's saying something."

"I do not like being painted. You have to sit still too long."

"You won't have to, with me."

"Mr. Frank gave me one of his pictures when he'd finished with me."

"I shall never have finished with you, dear lady, said Uri.

"Are you being rude?" said the girl, sharply.

"God forbid!"

Now it would take too long and it would be quite outside the scope of this article were I to tell of the long feud which went on between Mr. Frank and M. Fodor. It almost came to the courts. Suffice it to say that one day M. Fodor disappeared from Jerusalem. Some day. . . . But never mind the rumours. . . . This fact is perfectly clear. That if you mention Gabriel Frank the artist to a friend, that

friend is bound to say, "Have you met his beautiful Bokharan wife?"

Now I want you to understand, therefore, that there is no such thing as a typical Palestinian lady. For the Bokharan is totally different from the Polish, the Yemenite has nothing in common with the German, the lovely *Sepharadiya* from Morocco is not to be compared with the sad-eyed girl from Persia. Again, the lady who dances in Tel Aviv . . . how different is she from your brawny *chaluzah* of Tel Yoseph! The wife of the English official is not of the same category as the Karaite lady of the Ir Atiqah.

To describe all these to you would fill a book, not an article. Already I have tired your patience and all but used up the space allotted to me. I will, therefore, to conclude, pick from this store of ladies the Moroccan Jewess whom I met in the Hillock of Springtime. I met her at the house of a friend in Herzl Street. She spoke two languages and only two, Arabic and Hebrew. Her Hebrew sounded exactly like Arabic. Better than her speech, however, was her laugh which rang out so merrily when anything tickled her, that it made you feel as if the world were still young and laughter and not tears was the true lot of the Jew. About her mouth a smile played incessantly and it was that smile which broke into a thousand pieces every time she burst into a laugh. Then when the laugh was over she caught up the thousand pieces with the skill of a juggler, once more they came together and played around her lips.

She said to me, "Are you a poet?"

"No," I said, "Why do you ask?"

"Ah," she said, "Come over and sit by the window—I do not want the others to hear."

I did as she asked. The others in the room eyed us, I thought, a little suspiciously.

She said, "If you are not a poet, perhaps you will understand poetry?"

"Probably."

"You see," she went on, "an Australian tourist came to our Tel last year and he met me in this very house and he could speak nothing but English, so that we were like two dumb people. All I could do was to laugh and then he frowned. He thought that I was laughing at him. Well, we two met several times and we spoke to one another but we did not understand a word of what the other was saying. What a shameful thing it was for a Jew like him not to know our language. Wasn't it?"

"It was."

"One day he gave me a piece of poetry—in English. I am afraid to ask my friends what it means because . . . well, you can guess why—can you not?"

"I can."

"So I have been waiting for an Englishman. Now you are here."

"I am."

She laughed loud and long and then took a carefully folded piece of paper from her pocket and handed it to me.

"What does he say?"

"He says that your eyes are almonds," I said. She laughed.

"He goes on to say that your lips are sweeter than Palestinian honey and that your hair is silk made by silkworms who have been well fed on mulberries."

"What else does he say? And speak more quietly."

"He says that every time he looks upon you he has palpitation of the heart and he is sure that no tree ever produced a fruit so perfect as yourself."

"Does he really say that?"

"He does. Poets usually do—and lovers."

"Ah! And is there any rhyme in his poetry?"

"Certainly, in English. 'eyes' rhymes with 'surprise,' and 'hair' rhymes with 'fair,' and 'tree' with 'thee.'"

"Would you say he was a great poet?" she asked eagerly.

"He does not belong to the modern school."

"Does he say whether he is coming back again?"

"Not in the poem."

She took the poem from me, folded the paper up and put it carefully back again.

"You will write a poem about me?"

"I will not."

Then Hava our hostess, a little jealous methinks, called across the room to us. "You two—come over here and join us. Your tete-e-tete has lasted long enough."

That was unkind—wasn't it!

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News of the Lodges

REHOBOTH Lodge of New York City is already beginning to work out plans for the celebration of the seventieth anniversary of its founding which is scheduled to take place in February.

* * *

IN a recent appeal sent out to lodges of his District, Hon. Maurice Bloch, President of District Grand Lodge No. 1, urges the concentration of energy in the efforts to increase membership. He points out that one of the greatest favors a member can do to a friend is to persuade him to join the Order.

* * *

WINDSOR Lodge of Windsor, Canada, has made the most of its unique opportunity for service. Windsor is located on the borderline of Canada and the United States. Consequently many Jewish immigrants headed for the United States pass through there, and the members of Windsor Lodge, with President Jerry Glanz setting the pace, have done everything within their power to help these immigrants on their way.

* * *

ONE hundred and fifty delegates from Colorado, New Mexico and Wyoming participated in the 8th annual convention of the Tri-State Association of B'nai B'rith Lodges which was held last month at Cheyenne, Wyoming. Mayor C. W. Rimer welcomed the delegates in behalf of the city. Among the principal speakers were Charles Rosenbaum, Percy Morris, Harry M. Kaufman, M. H. Spiegelman, Milton M. Schayer, Samuel J. Frazin and Arthur F. Friedman.

Gilbert Saunders of Trinidad, Colo., was chosen President of the Tri-State Association for the coming year; Max N. Fleischer of Albuquerque, N. M., Vice President; M. Herzstein of Trinidad, Secretary-Treasurer; and Simon Quait of Denver, Louis Veta of Cheyenne and Morris Pawley of Colorado Springs, members of the Executive Committee.

Ten members of the Denver Chapter of A. Z. A. were guests of the convention and looked over the situation in Cheyenne with the end in view of establishing an A. Z. A. chapter in that city.

"I O. B. B. News," a sprightly little monthly publication carrying reports of the work and doings of the Denver Lodge, made its first appearance recently. It is expected that this little organ will be a great help to the Lodge as a medium of publicity.

* * *

RABBI SAMUEL S. MAYERBERG, formerly of Dayton, Ohio, and Past President of District Grand Lodge No. 2, was installed last month as Rabbi of Temple B'nai Jehudah of Kansas City, Mo. Sidney L. Altshuler, President of the congregation, delivered the introductory address. And Dr. Louis L. Mann of Sinai Congregation, Chicago, delivered the installation address.

Not only Temple B'nai Jehudah but the entire community of Kansas City is to be congratulated. Rabbi Mayerberg is a born leader of men. He has been an outstanding force for good in B'nai B'rith councils. And in Dayton he was a prominent figure in the life of the city as a whole as well as of the Jewish community. Wherever he is Rabbi Mayerberg is an influence for progress and enlightenment. Kansas City will realize that soon if it hasn't already.

* * *

ISADOR SOBEL, President of the B'nai B'rith Home for Children at Fairview, Erie County, Pennsylvania, has appointed a special committee to work out ways and means of removing the \$75,000 indebtedness incurred through the construction of the new \$130,000 educational and recreational center at the Home. Marcus Feuchtwanger of New Castle, Pa., is Chairman of the committee. And the other members are Charles Kline of Allentown, Pa., Joseph Weitzenkorn of Wilkes Barre, Pa., Isador Simon of Erie, Pa., Abraham Berkowitz of Philadelphia, and Fred W. Jay of Newark, N. J.

* * *

THE unveiling ceremony of the monument to Zebulon Baird Vance which the B'nai B'rith of Asheville, N. C., have erected at Fletcher, N. C., has been postponed from October 7th to October 14th. This has been done in order to make it possible to have Dr. Stephen S. Wise as the principal speaker of the occasion.

Zebulon B. Vance, a former Governor of North Carolina, won the love of the Jewish people with his famous

lecture "The Scattered Nation." He was a profound scholar, an inspiring orator and a far-visioned statesman.

* * *

IN Alton, Ill., there is a unique Jewish congregation. It is maintained by Alton Lodge so as to make it convenient for the Jewish boys of the Western Military Academy and the Jewish inhabitants of Alton and vicinity to attend services. This year, as formerly, Hiram D. Frankel, Executive Secretary of District Grand Lodge No. 6, was in charge during the high holidays.

* * *

WINNIPEG Lodge of Winnipeg, Canada, has struck upon a novel way of encouraging attendance at meetings. Two books of Jewish interest are to be given away at each meeting between now and January 1, 1929. Lots will be drawn to decide who should receive the prizes. "The Island Within," by Ludwig Lewisohn, and "Next Year in Jerusalem," by Jerome and Jean Tharaud, were the first volumes to be thus given away.

Ordinarily the Winnipeg Lodge awards the B'nai B'rith gifts to children who are confirmed or become *bar mitzvah* at regular meetings of the lodge. But an exception was made in the case of Ben Zion Bookhalter. Brother R. Kiffer, Corresponding Secretary of the Lodge, presented a gift to Master Bookhalter at the latter's *bar mitzvah* party, and in doing so he delivered an informative talk on the work of the Order.

* * *

UNDER the leadership of I. B. Padway, its President, Gilead Lodge of Milwaukee has increased its membership to over 1,000, thus showing the largest recent increase of any lodge in District No. 6. Before the end of the coming year the Milwaukee Lodge expects to have a membership of 1,500.

* * *

SEVERAL weeks ago the *Evening Appeal* of Memphis published a large airplane view of the B'nai B'rith Home of that city, which, as that newspaper puts it, is reputed to be the finest old folk's institution in the South. This Home, established and maintained by District No. 7, costs \$350,000, is beautifully built and ideally situated and is modern in every respect. It is one of the show places of Memphis and an honor to the District and to the entire Order.

WHAT is most noteworthy about the tributes paid to Rabbi Edgar F. Magnin, recently-elected President of District Grand Lodge No. 4, at the banquet given in his honor last month in his home city, Los Angeles, is their spontaneity. Three hundred representative Jews of the great southwestern community gathered to honor one who had come to them as a young rabbi and who had risen to leadership not merely of the city but of the whole region—risen to widely recognized leadership by virtue of his vision, his indefatigable service, his winning personality. The many came to honor Rabbi Magnin and they spoke from their hearts; for it was not merely admiration and appreciation that they voiced but above all affection.

* * *

UNDER the able leadership of Mrs. Birdie Stodel of Los Angeles, her very efficient and devoted staff of officers and a number of strong committees, the Women's Grand Lodge of District No. 4 is starting the year with a very ambitious program. Last year's activities in various phases of social service will be continued. And the work of the new committee on International Reciprocity will be stressed. This committee deserves the attention of the entire Order, for its aim is to establish correspondence between members of women's auxiliaries in various countries with the end in view of exchanging ideas and getting intimately acquainted.

* * *

AT THE request of the Motion Picture Producers and Distributors of America, Inc., President Alfred M. Cohen has appointed a new committee to deal with motion picture problems of Jewish interest. The members of the committee are: Rabbi Edgar F. Magnin, President of District Grand Lodge No. 4; Judge Harry Hollzer of Los Angeles; and Judge I. M. Golden of San Francisco.

* * *

THE Hillel Foundation of the University of Michigan and Congregation Beth Israel of Ann Arbor have worked together in harmonious co-operation for the past two years to their mutual advantage. Saturday morning services have been held for both students and townspeople at the Beth Israel Center. Various classes of local residents, including adults as well as children, have been conducted under Foundation auspices. And the Foundation has also supplied the leaders for the local Jewish boy scouts troop.

A FEW weeks ago the Hillel Foundation of the University of California gave a reception and dance, by way of opening the new school year. Sanford Goldner, President of the student body, delivered the address of welcome. Other speakers were Rabbi Benjamin B. Goldstein, Executive Director of the Foundation, and Miss Barbara Hirschler, its newly elected Director of student activities.

Rabbi Goldstein has prepared a comprehensive program of fall and winter activities for the Foundation.

* * *

IN accordance with a resolution adopted at the recent convention held in Denver the A. Z. A. of Kansas

City are going to visit Orthodox, Conservative and Reform services in a body. This is an excellent way of getting acquainted with the various phases of Judaism.

Bennie Eisenman, Aleph Cohen Godol, has been chosen Vice President of the Missouri Valley section of the Order.

* * *

PHILIP M. KLUTZNICK, the affable Executive Secretary of the A. Z. A., recently made a tour of the East. And everywhere he aroused heightened sentiment for the junior Order. This will no doubt result in the increase of membership and the establishment of new chapters.

Teaching Religion in a New Way

By Louise E. Wolk



UTTING into actual practice the theory that Catholicism, Protestantism, and Judaism may act co-operatively in spite of their differences, the University of Iowa has organized a school of religion, whose faculty and students are composed of members of the three religions.

Although schools with similar aims and policies have been established in several universities, none of them is exactly like the school of religion in Iowa City. It is the first project of the American Association on Religion, a recently organized co-operative movement among Jews, Catholics, and Protestants, designed to further the teachings and practice of religion in the world.

According to Dr. M. Willard Lampe, Director of the school, it came as a result of the recognition of its founders that "one of the very greatest needs in America today is to supplement State education with adequate religious inspiration, instruction, and practice, and to do this in some way satisfactory to all religious interests." The governing board of the American Association on Religion is composed of four Catholics, four Protestants, four Jews, and four members at large.

"The American Association on Religion was born out of the recognition that if religion is to be presented effectively it must be presented not only through the ordinary means, but as an educational proposition—as a field for intellectual progress," Dr. Lampe says. "Perhaps the idea has been watched more closely because the problem of providing vital religious instruction in a tax-supported school is a complicated

one, partly because of the American principle of the separation of church and State, and partly because the religious groups themselves have hitherto been unable to agree among themselves on a common plan of approach."

More than one hundred students, from the sophomore, junior, and senior classes of the college of liberal arts, registered for the courses during the first semester. There are Catholics and Jews taking work under Prof. Charles A. Hawley, who represents the Protestants; Protestants studying under Father Henry G. Takkenberg, the Catholic representative; and Catholics and Protestants enrolled for work with Prof. Maurice H. Farbridge, the Jewish representative.

The history of the inception of the school of religion goes back to the World War. During the War when rabbis, priests, and Protestant ministers found themselves serving side by side as chaplains of the same army, warm friendship sprang up between them. A fellowship of high ideals for soldiers of all religious faiths was offered by a movement called "Comrades in Service" originating near the close of the War.

"When a Jew, a Protestant, and a Catholic find themselves members of the Supreme Court of the United States, as is now true, they do not find it difficult to work together, for they share common ideals of justice and they feel the binding force of common traditions and loyalties," says Dr. Lampe. And he continues:

"This voluntary co-operative activity is going far beyond the relatively safe domain of public-speech-making. It is entering the field of organized service for the common good."

The Psychiatrist in the Cleveland Jewish Orphan Home



FOLLOWING the recommendation of Mr. Michael Sharlitt, Superintendent of the Cleveland Jewish Orphan Home, a psychiatrist has been an active part-time member of the J. O. H. staff since December 1, 1925. Modifying the principle of the Child Guidance Clinic of the National Committee for Mental Hygiene, the psychiatrist has assumed responsibility for gathering together and analyzing the material from four fields. His social workers have been the children's workers in the Home and the superintendent; his psychological service has come from the psychologist at the Cleveland Child Guidance Clinic; Dr. A. B. Grossman, pediatrician at the Home, has been the examining physician and the psychiatrist himself gives the mental interviews and analyzes all the findings.

Opportunity to Unload Disappointments

Seeing the psychiatrist affords the child an opportunity to unload his disappointments and complaints, and to talk over the important puzzles of his life in the institution, without the slightest fear of being scolded or directed. The psychiatrist assumes an explanatory and guiding attitude. Within two months after his admission to the Home a new child is interviewed. All the data is organized and combined with the impression gained during this interview. A written report is then given to the superintendent, describing the child's personality and any significant points to be noted in understanding and caring for him. All children of the Confirmation Class are seen early during their last year at the Home for a similar purpose. Definite problem cases, including such symptoms as bed-wetting, stealing, slyness, refusal to conform to the group standards, absence without permission, and poor school work, are referred by the workers. The After-Care Department sometimes refers graduates who have shown varying symptoms of mal-adjustment after leaving the Home. The most significant of all are those children who voluntarily seek out the psychiatrist without having been referred to him. Some of them are overcome and frightened by the realization of the

By O. B. Markey

hugeness of life. Others come because they have no clear reason for their depressions. Some come because they want popularity and there may be some who are puzzled by problems of vocational adjustment.

Try to Individualize the Child

The underlying principle is to individualize the child. This is helped a great deal by the development of an attitude on the part of the workers to take a special pride in their service to the children, rather than to just make a job of it. They see the problems as mere symptoms of the whole personality and approach them accordingly. Regular informal discussion meetings have been held with the workers for more than two years, to help develop this principle. During the last few months certain problem children have been openly discussed at these meetings. A program of sex instruction was originally projected about two years ago, and has been most successful in developing a healthy orientation in this very important matter. Nearly two years ago, a general survey of the intelligence of each of the children was made. This was invaluable in pointing out individual as well as group educational and vocational problems. There is a constant awareness of the difficulties confronting the so-called inadequate child and, as a result, special vocational programs have been planned for a certain number of these children two years in advance of their graduation. All this requires a close relationship between the psychiatrist and such outside agents as the hospital, the court, the social service bureau, the school and the employer.

Some Interesting Experiences

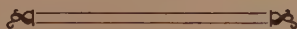
Relating some of his interesting experiences may be the best way to define the psychiatrist's functions. Most of the children found it very hard at first to understand his presence. One of them called him a "brain tester," another considered him a fortune teller who could plumb the depths of everyone's innermost secrets, a third considered his function merely that of "talker," and not a few were sure that he was a "sex expert." None of them has ever been forced into an

interview with him and none of them has come out in resentment. The nature of their requests for his service is now proof of their understanding of it.

One child came because she had been getting abnormally poor grades for the first time in her life. Another came because she thought her sister ought to be brought to the Home to join her and wanted to make sure whether it should be done. Another girl was sorely worried over a certain nervous symptom which she feared would mean insanity. A boy came to talk over the best ways of overcoming his withdrawal from social and athletic competition. The problem of bed-wetting occupied much attention and time and ended in a marked diminution in the number of cases. Few fail to sense the emotional drain that attends a child who has this unfortunate weakness. One girl was referred just before she came voluntarily to see the psychiatrist. She had more or less suddenly entered a period of mental confusion and behavior irregularity as a result of the beginning of puberty. Interviews with her revealed an early past in which she had suffered exposure to numerous unhealthy sex influences. Such a child was good material for a serious mental breakdown, especially since instances of actual mental disease have occurred in her family. One boy has for a long time suffered from persistent delusions. He fears that his heart will stop beating, that his lungs will wear out, that his blood vessels may burst and that he may contract a fatal disease that has struck down someone else. The average individual and most physicians call that "imagination" and think they can let it go at that. But this child is a seriously disordered boy, who cannot be cured by such simple suggestion. It is true, though, that some children are helped considerably, or even "cured" by one interview, in which they have a mental "cathartic"—that is, they have been able to rid themselves of mental poisons that have irritated them for a long time. In practically every case the importance of the family love images is emphasized, for a return to family life is considered paramount to their future happiness.

Last Call For Service

The B'nai B'rith Wider Scope Committee requires \$700,-000 to complete its fund. The following communities are urged to meet their obligation without further delay:



Cities where Campaigns have not as yet been held

Aberdeen, Wash.	Cairo, Ill.	Gadsden, Ala.	Lansing, Mich.	New Haven, Conn.	Sheffield, Ala.
Akron, Ohio	Camden, Ark.	Galveston, Texas	Las Vegas, N. M.	Sherbrooke, Que. Can.	Shreveport, La.
Albany, Ga.	Camden, N. J.	Gardiner, Me.	Laurel, Miss.	New Orleans, La.	Sioux City, Iowa
Albany, N. Y.	Canonsburg, Pa.	Green Bay, Wis.	Lewiston, Me.	Newport, R. I.	Springfield, Ill.
Albuquerque, N. M.	Canton, Miss.	Greensburg, Pa.	Lewistown, Pa.	Newport News, Va.	Springfield, Mass.
Alexandria, La.	Canton, Ohio	Greenville, Miss.	Lexington, Ky.	Norfolk, Va.	Springfield, Ohio
Amsterdam, N. Y.	Cedar Rapids, Iowa	Greenwood, Miss.	Lexington, Miss.	Norwich, Conn.	Stevens Point, Wis.
Annisston, Ala.	Charleston, S. C.		Liberty, N. Y.		Superior, Wis.
Appleton, Wis.	Chattanooga, Tenn.	Hagerstown, Md.	Litchfield, Ill.	Orange, N. J.	Syracuse, N. Y.
Ardmore, Okla.	Chester, Pa.	Hamilton, Ont. Can.	Little Rock, Ark.	Orlando, Fla.	
Ashland, Ky.	Chisholm, Minn.	Hartford, Conn.	London, Ont. Can.	Ottawa, Ont. Can.	Taunton, Mass.
Ashland, Wis.	Clarksdale, Miss.	Hattiesburg, Miss.	Lowell, Mass.	Owensboro, Ky.	Toronto, Ont. Can.
Atlanta, Ga.	Clarksburg, W. Va.	Haverhill, Mass.	Lynn, Mass.		Tulsa, Okla.
Aurora, Ill.	Columbia, S. C.	Hazelton, Pa.		Paducah, Ky.	Tuscaloosa, Ala.
Austin, Texas	Columbus, Miss.	Helena, Ark.	McAlester, Okla.	Palisades Park, N. J.	Tyler, Texas
	Connellsville, Pa.	Holyoke, Mass.	McGehee, Ark.	Passaic, N. J.	
Bangor, Maine	Corpus Christi, Texas	Hot Springs, Ark.	McKeesport, Pa.	Paterson, N. J.	Uniontown, Pa.
Baton Rouge, La.	Corsicana, Texas	Houghton, Mich.	Macon, Ga.	Pawtucket, R. I.	Utica, N. Y.
Battle Creek, Mich.	Council Bluffs, Iowa	Huntington, W. Va.	Madison, Wis.	Pensacola, Fla.	
Bay City, Mich.	Cumberland, Md.	Huntsville, Ala.	Manchester, N. H.	Perth Amboy, N. J.	Vicksburg, Miss.
Beaumont, Texas	Dallas, Texas		Manitowoc, Wis.	Pine Bluff, Ark.	Victoria, Texas
Beaver Falls, Pa.	Davenport, Iowa	Irvington, N. J.	Marinette, Wis.	Pittsfield, Mass.	Vineland, N. J.
Beloit, Wis.	Daytona Beach, Fla.		Marshall, Texas	Plattsburg, N. Y.	
Benton Harbor, Mich.	Decatur, Ill.	Jackson, Mich.	Martinsburg, W. Va.	Pocatello, Idaho	Waco, Texas
Berlin, N. H.	Demopolis, Ala.	Jackson, Miss.	Mason City, Iowa	Pontiac, Mich.	Warren, Ohio
Bessemer, Ala.	Des Moines, Iowa	Jackson, Tenn.	Maywood, Ill.	Port Arthur, Texas	Washington, Pa.
Billings, Mont.	Donaldsonville, La.	Jamaica, L. I., N. Y.	Memphis, Tenn.	Port Huron, Mich.	Waterbury, Conn.
Bloomington, Ill.	Dubuque, Iowa	Jasper, Ala.	Meridian, Miss.	Portland, Me.	Waterloo, Iowa
Blytheville, Ark.	Duluth, Minn.	Jersey City, N. J.	Middletown, Conn.	Portsmouth, Va.	Waterville, Me.
Boise, Idaho		Joliet, Ill.	Mobile, Ala.	Providence, R. I.	Wausau, Wis.
Boston, Mass.	Eau Claire, Wis.	Jonesboro, Ark.	Monessen, Pa.	Racine, Wis.	Wheeling, W. Va.
Braddock, Pa.	El Dorado, Ark.		Monroe, La.	Reno, Nevada	Wichita Falls, Texas
Bradford, Pa.	Elmira, N. Y.	Kalamazoo, Mich.	Montgomery, Ala.	Rochester, N. Y.	Wilkes Barre, Pa.
Breckenridge, Texas	Evansville, Ind.	Keokuk, Iowa	Montreal, Que. Can.		Williamson, W. Va.
Bridgeport, Conn.	Eveleth, Minn.	Kington, N. Y.	Morgantown, W. Va.	St. Augustine, Fla.	Williamsport, Pa.
Brockton, Mass.	Fairmont, W. Va.	Kinston, N. C.	Mount Vernon, N. Y.	Salem, Mass.	Willimantic, Conn.
Brownsville, Tenn.	Fall River, Mass.	Kittanning, Pa.		San Antonio, Texas	Windsor, Ont. Can.
Bryan, Texas	Flint, Mich.	Knoxville, Tenn.	Nashville, Tenn.	San Bernardino, Calif.	Winston-Salem, N. C.
Buffalo, N. Y.	Fond du Lac, Wis.	Kokomo, Ind.	Natchez, Miss.	Savannah, Ga.	Woonsocket, R. I.
Burlington, Iowa	Fort Dodge, Iowa		Natchitoches, La.	Schenectady, N. Y.	Worcester, Mass.
Butler, Pa.	Fort William, Ont. Can.	La Crosse, Wis.	Newark, N. J.	Scranton, Pa.	Wynne, Ark.
Butte, Mont.	Fort Worth, Texas	Lake Charles, La.	New Bedford, Mass.	Selma, Ala.	
			New Britain, Conn.	Sheboygan, Wis.	Yonkers, N. Y.



[[Complete returns expected not
later than December 31st, 1928]]

Leaders Ready to Resume Their Efforts

Campaigns are being organized throughout the territory. The cause deserves the wholehearted and generous support of all American Jewry.

An Appreciation of Berthold Timendorfer

Honorary Grand President of the German B'nai B'rith Celebrated his Seventy-fifth Birthday, on September 1, 1928



WITH gratitude and veneration German Jews, especially the German Lodges of the Independent Order of B'nai B'rith, today look up to a man, much of whose life has been devoted to them, to Judaism in general, and to all Jewish work: Privy Counsellor Berthold Timendorfer.

His home is in Upper Silesia, a land which has given to German Jewry strongly intellectual and purposeful leaders. In Beuthen, Upper Silesia, Timendorfer, as a high school student, sat at the feet of the justly famous and always helpful Rabbi, Dr. Ferdinand Rosenthal, later of Breslau, from whom he inherited not only his enthusiasm for our ancestral faith, but other high virtues as well. After his graduation, he studied law in Berlin.

As a young lawyer, Timendorfer joined the Independent Order of B'nai B'rith in 1883. His conciliating manner, coupled with an inner firmness, his unusual ability as an organizer and speaker, won him the affections and the confidence of the members of the Order, and in February, 1898, he was unanimously elected President of the German District Grand Lodge. He fulfilled all expectations gloriously. His enthusiasm carried the brethren with him in his speeches on the high aims of the Order and its ethical aspirations. Imbued, as he was, and is, with the high mission of the Order, he has been indefatigable in his efforts to disseminate its ideals far and wide. The results have been gratifying. Sixty-nine new lodges were founded in Germany during the presidency of Brother Timendorfer, of which he personally installed 45. Moreover, during the same period the lodges in Basle and Zurich, Switzerland, the lodge in Copenhagen, Denmark, and the lodge

in London, England, were founded by the German B'nai B'rith.

This decided upward movement under the guidance of Brother Timendorfer is due primarily to the important and broadly Jewish functions and enterprises which the German District has undertaken. Out of its customary quiet social activity it stepped into the arena of public life and united with Jewish organizations

endorfer was called by his successor, Rabbi Dr. Baeck, the "pontifex," (the builder of bridges) who built bridges from grandparents to grandchildren, from the older generation to the younger; Timendorfer has been a "pontifex" also in another sense; he knows how to build bridges from one faction to another. In the lodge he values unity as the highest virtue, and his efforts have been unceasingly directed toward unity for all Israel. Every party, according to Timendorfer's view, has its justification; every party may remain true in its ideals, its convictions, but it must keep its eyes fastened on *K'lal-Jisroel*.

He maintains that party interests must be brought into harmony with general interests, and when this is not possible, the former must be subordinated to the latter.

On account of his great gifts and qualifications, Timendorfer's help and guidance have been desired by various large organizations and unions. He belonged for several years to the board of directors of the Jewish congregation of Berlin, was Chairman of the Welfare Society of German Jews, Chairman of the United German Conference of the *Alliance Israelite Universelle*, and he has served on the committees of numerous societies.

In November, 1924, he laid down his office as President of the District Grand Lodge. And out of deep gratitude for his services the title of Honorary President of the District Grand Lodge was bestowed on him, an office that was created in his honor. In spite of his age, he still follows with undiminished interest the progress of the Order and is active in many other societies. At present, the Jewish Old Age Relief is especially close to his heart, also the endeavors of the Union of Jewish Soldiers of the Front to lead the Jews back into agricultural pursuits.



Berthold Timendorfer

and congregations to work intensively for common Jewish interests.

But more to be valued than all the successful efforts, which Timendorfer, in the course of his term of almost twenty-nine years in office initiated, furthered, and fructified with his mind and his never-flagging joy in work, is the beneficial influence of the magic of his attractive personality, which has been a blessing not only to the lodges but to the entire German Jewry. On the occasion of the celebration, in February, 1923, of his twenty-fifth anniversary in office, Tim-

Across the Seas

Celebrate Maximilian Stein's Fiftieth Birthday

ON THE 27th of September the B'nai B'rith of Germany celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of the birth of Maximilian Stein, Vice President of the German District Grand Lodge. He comes of a distinguished Hungarian family of scholars. But he was sent to Berlin as a child and was brought up in the home of his uncle, Levy Stein, who was known far and wide as a great philanthropist and a man of remarkable intellect and wit. This house was often visited by great Jewish scholars, and that gave young Maximilian an opportunity which his natural inclination led him to make the most of—an opportunity to imbibe wisdom and learning. Thus he grew up in the German capital and became a German citizen.

Maximilian's father was a pious, charitable and public-spirited man who devoted much of his time to the study of Talmud and to communal endeavor. And his mother, a woman of extraordinary beauty, was also highly intellectual. Thus it is natural that the son should be endowed with a love of learning and culture.

It was Brother Stein's early ambition to take up some profession, but fate and circumstances decreed otherwise. So he entered business and, already at the age of 20, he was sent out on extensive trips by the company with which he was connected. He sought out the libraries and lecture halls of the cities to which his work took him—missing no opportunity to widen the scope of his knowledge and increase the fund of his wisdom. Often he sat up late into the night reading, reading, reading.

As a young man in the twenties, Maximilian Stein joined a B'nai B'rith lodge. And by virtue of his highly developed intellect, his wide reading and his notable talent as a public speaker he soon rose to prominence in his own lodge and in the entire German District. Since then his counsel has been sought whenever any big problems have come up in the District. As a most zealous and devoted co-worker of Berthold Timendorfer, Maximilian Stein made an invaluable contribution to the expansion of the Order in Germany, both in membership and in sphere of influence. As a representative of the District Grand Lodge he attended innumerable meet-

ings and affairs of the constituent lodges, and he became a familiar and beloved figure throughout the country.

Of late, regard for his health has compelled him to curtail his efforts, and a good deal of his work has been taken over by younger men. But he is, as Vice President, still one of the most active members of the business committee and presiding board of the German District Grand Lodge.

So extensive has been Maximilian Stein's public services that one is apt to overlook his private business career. Yet here, too, has he been a notable success. He operates a brewery and imports beer—a commodity which in Germany is considered an almost prime necessity. He was for many years a director of the brewing industry bank and he holds the title of Commerzienrat (Counsellor of Commerce). He managed the supply of beer for the German Army during the World War, and was awarded an iron cross in recognition of his efficient and devoted services.

Mr. Stein is a distinguished figure in any company. In appearance he is more like an artist than a business man, and in speech he is less like a merchant prince than a professional advocate.

* * *

DR. PHILIP LANDAU, Secretary of the Polish District Grand Lodge, and Mrs. Landau celebrated their silver wedding anniversary in May. And at a special session of its special business committee, the District Grand Lodge expressed its congratulations to the couple and their family.

* * *

AT THE suggestion of Past President Dr. Joseph Steinberg, the Polish District Grand Lodge some time ago, sent out to its constituent lodges an appeal for the Jewish orphans of Poland. Numerous responses have been evoked by this appeal, and it is expected that, as a result of it, a very considerable sum will be raised for the orphans of that country.

* * *

A UNIQUE cultural service has been undertaken by the lodges of Prague, Czecho-Slovakia. They have formed a Jewish historical society which has undertaken to issue an annual magazine, bring out a history of the Jews of their country and gather data of various kinds.

A HIGH honor has been bestowed upon Dr. Leo Baeck, President of the German District Grand Lodge. Dr. Baeck, who is also President of the German rabbinical association, has been invited by the Prussian Government to serve as Expert on Jewish Affairs. Professor Moritz Sobornheim, who formerly served in this capacity, has been appointed Acting Consul-General for Germany in Naples.

* * *

BROTHER HYMAN MORRIS of Leeds, England, is a typical B'nai B'rith leader. He was the first President of the lodge in his city, and even a cursory glance at the record of his career makes it plain why this singular honor was bestowed upon Mr. Morris. He combines in himself a strong character and a genial and affable personality. His chief avocation is communal endeavor, and to the interests of the Jewish community of Leeds he has devoted himself zealously for years. He knows how to reach the hearts of his fellow Jews and win the regard of non-Jews, so that he is influential in maintaining goodwill between Jews and Christians.

Brother Morris has been chosen President of the Leeds Jewish Board of Guardians.

* * *

AT A RECENT meeting of the First Women's Lodge of England it was decided to arrange a series of lectures for the coming winter, similar to the series that proved so successful in the spring. Drawing up a syllabus for this purpose was authorized.

* * *

BROTHER ARTHUR BLOK, the new President of the First Lodge of England, is preparing a paper which will deal with the growth of membership in the lodges of Great Britain and Ireland.

* * *

THE LIVERPOOL LODGE of Liverpool, England, discussed at length, some time ago, the question of offering special inducements to students to join the Lodge. A resolution favoring the proposition was unanimously adopted.

* * *

THE TWO newest Roumanian lodges to come into the B'nai B'rith fold are Unitas and Hillel—the former having been established at Satu Mare and the latter at Botosani.



Sometimes It's Better Not to Understand

MRS. LITVINOVSKI was showing her son the various animals in a zoo. For some time little David scrutinized a big baboon. Then his face lighted up with a flash of recognition and he called out to his mother: "Look mamma, this monkey looks like Uncle Abe."

"Hush, don't talk nonsense," replied the mother.

"It's all right," the son reassured her, "the monkey doesn't understand me."

* * *

His Fountain Pen Was Dry

MR. ROSENBERG and Mr. Goldenberg were both in the suit and cloak business. Though they were competitors they were friends. One evening Mr. Rosenberg was entertaining a buyer for a large department store in the Middle West. And he invited Mr. Goldenberg to join the little party. By means of subtle flattery Goldenberg won the confidence of the buyer and eventually also his business.

This exasperated Rosenberg and he wrote Goldenberg the following note:

"A fine friend you are. I thought you were honorable and above reproach. But you take advantage of my hospitality and my friendship to rob me of business. In my own house you practice your chicanery against me—you scoundrel, robber, four-flusher! Fellows like you make one despair of human nature. I despise you and don't care to have anything more to do with you.

Yours etc.,

J ————— R

"P. S.—Please pardon my use of pencil."

* * *

He Said Kaddish Beautifully

SAMMY POMERANTZ was taking lessons in Hebrew from an old-fashioned *melamed*. And his father was not satisfied with the progress he was making. One day the elder Pomerantz took his son to task thus—

"You loafer, you schlemiel—you should be ashamed of yourself. Why when I was your age I was already saying *kaddish* for my father so beautifully that people told me it was a pleasure to hear it."

FEW of us are aware of the fact that almost all forms of humor are to be found in the Bible. Yet splendid examples of satire, irony, sarcasm, parody, paronomasia and repartee abound in the book of books. And so it is apparent that the Jews had a highly developed sense of humor already at the very outset of their history. And this power of noting and expressing the ludicrous and incongruous has grown with our people in their long and eventful march across the continents. So that Jewish lore is now a veritable mine of jokes and anecdotes. And many of them have never been written down, but are passed about by word of mouth. Do you know any good Jewish humorous stories? Send them in to us. We will give you a book for each of them that we use. The winners this month are: Mrs. M. Pitluck, Station D., St. Joseph, Mo.; and Mrs. Boris Brutskus, Richardstr. 19, Berlin, Germany.

Bringing the Well to the Horse

THE community of Chelm was in a quandry. The beadle, who was wont to go out early each morning calling Jews to religious services, was getting so aged he could hardly move about. To discharge him outrightly and hire another man in his place was considered unjust, for he had served the community faithfully many, many years. To retire him on a pension wouldn't do because Reb Bunim was not a man to accept charity. Besides his work was the mainspring of his life. What then was the way out?

The rabbi of Chelm, a very wise man, finally solved the problem. Said he: "Now let us consider of what does Reb Bunim's work consist. It consists of walking through the town and of knocking at the shutters of each house. Well, he is getting too old to walk. But surely he can still knock at the shutters. So let us move all the shutters into his house. Then he will be able to knock at them without any

trouble and without going out into the damp chilly air."—Adapted from Richman's "Laughs From Jewish Lore."

* * *

A Sure Mark of Identification

ONE of the leading members of the community of Chelm had disappeared. For a long time speculation ran rampant as to whether he had met with a fatal accident or had, for one reason or another, merely gone into hiding. In accordance with Jewish law his wife was forbidden to remarry until after the death of her husband had been definitely established.

After several months had passed a local fisherman reported that he had dragged the body of a dead man ashore. Presuming that this was the corpse of the missing man, the woman was summoned to the house of the rabbi so that she might offer proof that the body which had been found was that of her dead husband.

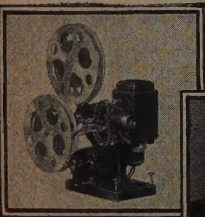
The rabbi asked her: "What distinguishing marks did your husband have? Tell us so that we will be able to decide whether the body which has been found is indeed that of your husband."

Without hesitation the good woman replied: "My poor husband was a stammerer."—Adapted from Richman's "Laughs From Jewish Lore."





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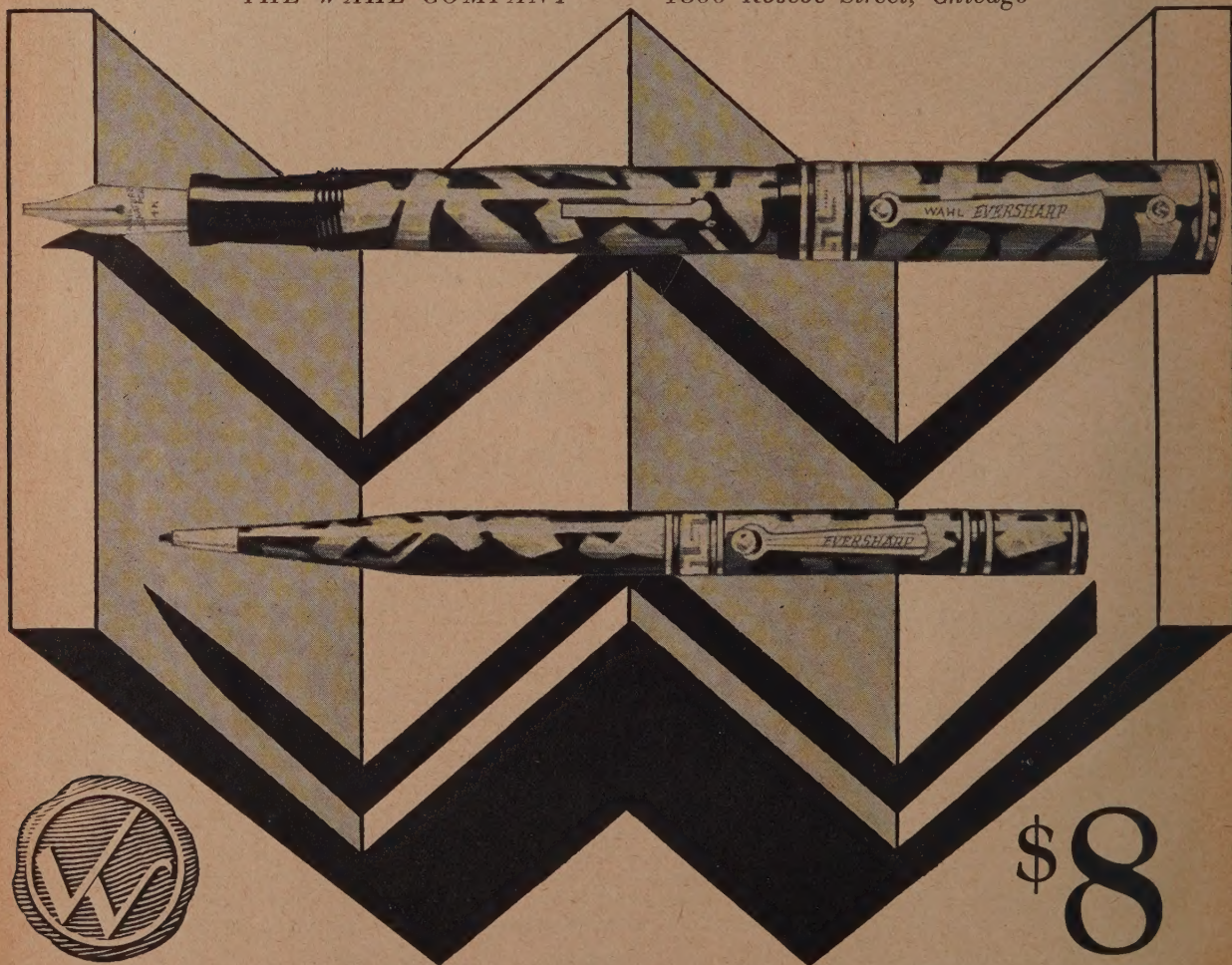
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The Gold Seal Pen in black and pearl is priced at eight dollars and the Eversharp Pencil to match is \$4.50 or \$12.50 for the set in handsome gift box. An outstanding value in the pen and pencil field. Other Gold Seal Pens at seven dollars.

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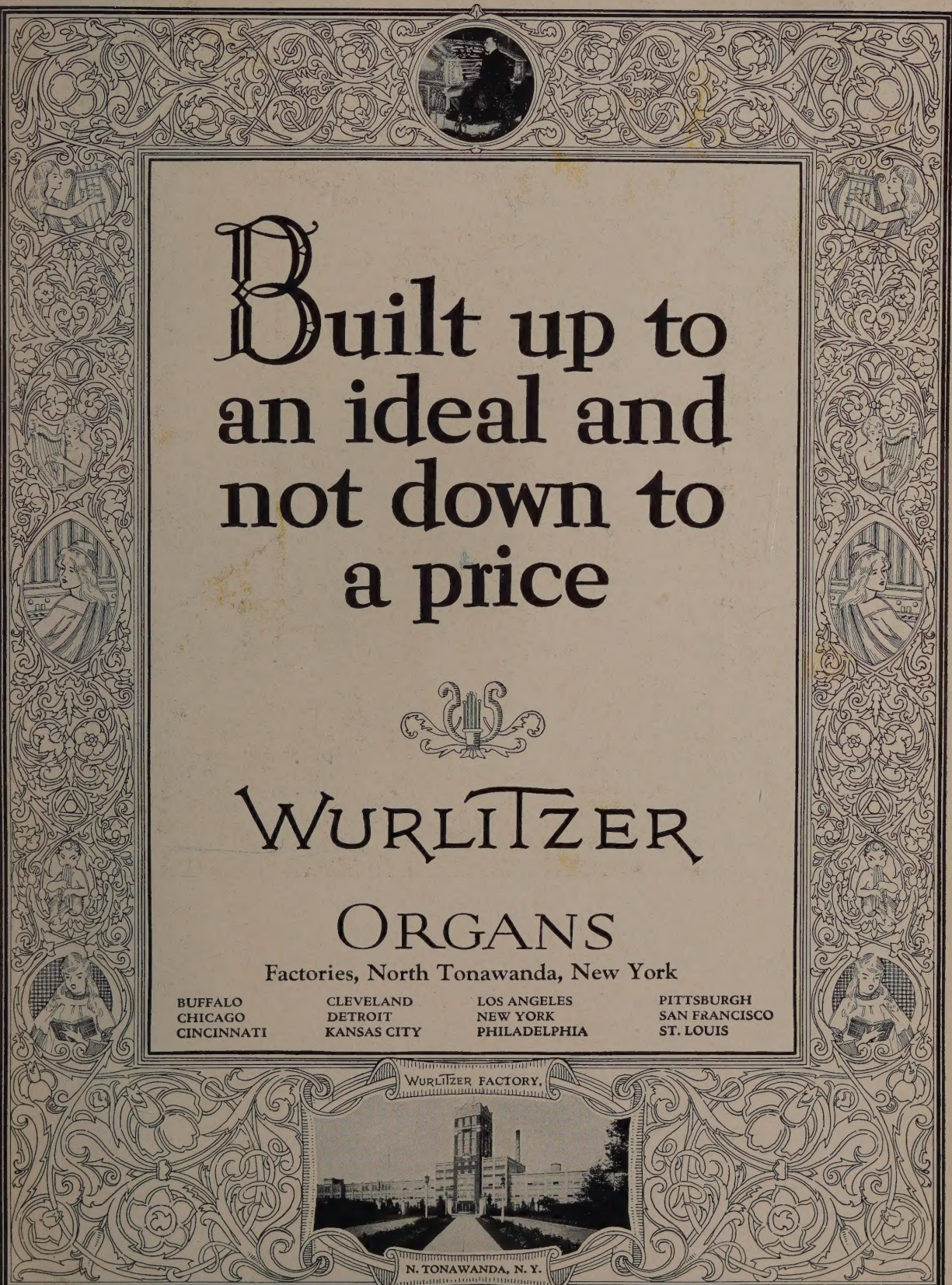
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QUITE as much in thriftiness as in quaint charm, this bathroom is typically Dutch; and to both these characteristics Crane fixtures have contributed. The Venetian blue of the *Corwith* bath and lavatory concord with the color of the Delft tile wainscoting and the water-proofed wallpaper above. Their chaste dignity of line is in keeping with the raftered ceiling. In price, like all Crane fixtures, they are no higher

than substitutes would cost; while, even to the piping and valves hidden behind the walls, there is in them an honesty of materials that bespeaks a lifetime of frugal service. Other interesting decorative schemes are illustrated in *New Ideas for Bathrooms*. A copy will gladly be sent you on request, together with *Homes of Comfort*, cataloging Crane quality materials at all prices, which responsible plumbing contractors install.

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